THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TO MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

These beautiful lines were addressed to the author of "Our Village" a few months before she died:—

The hay is carried; and the Hours
Snatch, as they pass, the linden flowers;
And children leap to pluck a spray
Bent earthward, and then run away.
Park-keeper! catch me those grave thieves
About whose frocks the fragrant leaves
Rustling and fluttering here and there,
No false nor faltering witness bear.
I never view such scenes as these
In grassy meadow girt with trees,
But comes a thought of her who now
Sits with serenely patient brow
Amid deep sufferings: none hath told
More pleasant tales to young and old.
Fondest was she of Father Thames,
But rambled to Hellenic streams;
Nor even there could any tell
The country's purer charms so well
As Mary Mitford.
Verse! go forth
And breathe o'er gentle breasts her worth.
Needless the task—but should she see
One hearty wish from you and me,
A moment's pain it may assuage—
A rose-leaf on the couch of Age.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Original Novelet.

FOUR IN HAND;

OR,

THE BEQUEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

CHAPTER I.

THE BARONET.

At the foot of the Cheviot Hills in Northumberland, and in the neighborhood of the scene of Chevy Chase, stands Coniston Hall, the seat of the northern branch of the Coniston family, time out of mind. Some forty years ago it passed by legal right and regular succession into the possession of Sir Ralph Coniston, Bart., and in his possession it was at the time I have chosen for the commencement of this veritable history.

Sir Ralph Coniston, I am sorry to say, was by no means after the Sir Roger de Coverly style of an English country gentleman, the model of courtesy, yet simple, benign and lovable, even in his formality; but a man who in no wise transcended his station, filled with the pride of wealth and family; a man of prejudices and proprieties—moral, methodical, cold and unimpressible.

Sir Ralph had, when he came to his estates, a younger brother, a wild, reckless, generous fellow, who being poor, and having a decided distaste for the Law, Divinity and Trade, gravitated naturally to the army.

It must have been that Captain Coniston inherited but a younger brother's portion of the family pride, as of the family property, for at the age of twenty-two he incurred the grave displeasure of his noble house, by a *mésalliance* with a maid of low degree, the pretty and portionless daughter of an honest apothecary, of Woolham, a village in the vicinity of Coniston Hall.

Mrs. Philip Coniston was never received at the Hall, or in any way recognized as a member of the family, by Sir Ralph and his stately lady, the daughter of an Earl—who on the contrary openly quarrelled with the young soldier for his crime against caste. But their displeasure and neglect neither disturbed nor darkened the life of the loving and philosophic pair, who were soon removed from all manifestation of unfriendliness. Captain Coniston was ordered to Canada—his wife accompanied him. For several years they remained at Montreal, having no intercourse by letters with their aristocratic relations, whose indignation gradually subsided into sullen indifference, as the blot on the family 'scutcheon grew pale with time.

To make up for Philip Coniston's disadvantageous and unambitious alliance, Miss Blanche Coniston, the one fair daughter of the house, made a grand match with Lord Edward Lancaster, the second son of the noble Earl of Egerton. This marriage was Sir Ralph's own doing—he congratulated himself upon it, then and after, though he knew that he gave his pure and lovely sister, a gentle, fragile compliant creature, to a worn out *roué*—and though he knew that she went to the altar with what is called a broken heart. He fully believed that the title she there received, would be "the sovereignest thing on earth for *such* an inward bruise," and he was more annoyed than grieved when the beautiful Lady Blanche Lancaster persisted in dying, within four years from her marriage. The poor child, it seemed, was not fitted for the enviable height to which she had been lifted—her heart was no chameleon, to subsist on the cold, thin air of fashion—it was, human, love-craving—it starved and died.

Sir Ralph Coniston was blessed with a fair aristocratic allowance of children. There were Harold, and Hubert, Georgiana, Edith, and Clarence—healthful, handsome specimens of English boyhood and girlhood, but singularly arrogant, unsympathetic and worldly-wise—little egotists and formalists ere they were out of the nursery.

It was when Harold the eldest son was yet a school-boy at Eton, and Master Clarence, the youngest, in his nurse's leading-strings, that Sir Ralph sitting one day at breakfast, with his fair lady, was observed to start and change color, over an open letter, which had come in by the morning's post.

"What is it, Sir Ralph?" asked Lady Elinor, languidly.

"My brother Philip is dead," replied the Baronet.

"Ah, indeed! that is unfortunate. Has he left any family?"

"One son, about the age of our Hubert. The letter is from the widow of Captain Coniston. She writes that when my brother was dying, he commended young Philip to my care."

Lady Elinor lifted her eyebrows as she asked—

"What will you do with him, pray?"

"That is the question;—but I think I shall conclude to take him and give him an education, provided his mother will agree to leave him and his affairs altogether with me—otherwise I shall do nothing. I desire no other relations with the Maxwells than those which have hitherto existed. I shall lay down absolute non-intercourse as the unalterable condition of my befriending or assisting the boy." And Sir Ralph straightened himself up and set his face as a flint, till scarce the effigy of the first Sir Ralph Coniston, (who was ennobled for his gallant retreat from Flodden,) stretching its mailed length in the chancel of Woolham church—scarce his brother Philip's faded form, frozen in a Canadian grave, could be colder, or stiffer, more insensible to human emotion, more impervious to human weakness.

Lady Elinor took the letter and ran it over hurriedly.

"I doubt very much," she said, "if your brother's widow will accede to your proposition. She seems quite cut up by her loss, and writes of her son like an over-fond mamma. Depend upon it, she will refuse your generous offer."

"Doubtful: she has nothing but her pension, I am certain, for Philip was not a man to save any portion of his pay. I hear that old Maxwell is nearly superannuated, poor as he has always been, and as far as I know, she has no relatives who can assist her. If she be a woman of sense, she will at once perceive the advantages to her son of my plan, and be more than willing to make the little sacrifice required of her. Indeed, there can be no other way for the boy to receive a liberal education."

"Well, *nous verrons*;" said Lady Coniston, rising to leave the breakfast parlor—"for my part, I think you are very safe in making the offer."

"You speak as a woman and a mother, Elinor; as one not only of a far different rank in life, but necessarily of more refined sensibilities than the daughter of old Thomas Maxwell," replied the Baronet sententiously.

"No, Sir Ralph," returned the lady, dryly—"I am not particularly womanly in the sense you mean;—I make no pretensions to a large share of the amiable weakness of maternity—but I know women, and this woman, who positively has not self-control enough to keep her tears from blotting a letter addressed to a total stranger, could never bring herself to part with her one darling, were it ever so much for his good."

"But, Elinor, remember she wrote within a week after poor Philip's death. She was doubtless fond of him, but my word for it, she is a shrewd woman, with a soul above gallipots, or she would hardly have looked so high, or managed so well for herself. She will, I feel confident, have enough good sense to perceive that the boy's interests demand her acquiescence in my plan, and she will acquiesce. If not, let her apprentice him to his grandfather—let him quarter a pestle and mortar with the arms of Coniston—be content with the Latin rudiments—roll pills, instead of turning the leaves of Horace, mix lotions for gouty squires, and spread cataplasms for rheumatic old women. I shall have done my duty by him."

"And more than your duty," said Lady Coniston, severely; "the boy has no claim upon you whatever; Captain Coniston, by the low marriage he chose to contract, and by which he disgraced and estranged his family, cancelled what are called natural obligations, and forfeited the claims of blood."

"You are quite right, Elinor," returned Sir Ralph. "I recognize no just *claim*; what I may do for this boy will be a free act of charity—of ordinary humanity; and therefore I am the more fixed in my resolution to do it in my own way."

As the Baronet uttered these words, his eye chanced to fall on a picture hanging on the wall opposite to him. It was the portrait of his mother, a good mother, long dead. Now the eyes fastened upon his face with a strange, searching look, sad, and yet stern. He saw in them too, a likeness he had never before observed, to those of Philip, as he remembered them, in that last interview, when the brothers parted in anger. A faint pang of grief and remorse visited his heart—he felt strangely uncomfortable, and looked around uneasily, fearing that the cold, gray eyes of his proud wife were speculating upon his emotion. To his relief, he found that she had left the breakfast parlor. He looked again at the picture. He had never much loved his brother Philip, who, when a lad at home, brilliant, witty, full of boyish folly and recklessness, had taken a wicked delight in teasing and quizzing the overbearing and priggish young heir—but in the arid soil of his nature there had ever bloomed one fair and fragrant memory—that of his mother; noble in blood, as in spirit, beautiful, clever, accomplished, a woman altogether to be *proud* of. He knew that she was fond of the wild, bold boy who mocked and out-shone him, and for her sake alone, he now resolved to use his best endeavors to make Philip's son a gentleman—to rear him as one of his own—provided always, that Philip's widow would yield assent to and aid in carrying out his unalterable plan. In justice to him, let it be said that he believed in all sincerity that the best interests of the boy demanded the execution of this plan—prompt and entire removal from the plebeian associations and companionship of his mother's family, and the formation of refined tastes and aristocratic habits of thought and life.

Some two months later, Sir Ralph Coniston received a brief note from his widowed sister-in-law, informing him that she and her young son had arrived in England, and were then at the house of Mr. Maxwell, in Woolham. Sir Ralph returned a still briefer missive, politely requesting the honor of an interview with Mrs. Coniston and her son, at a certain hour of the following day, at Coniston Hall.

A few minutes later than the hour specified, Mrs. Coniston and Master Philip arrived at the Hall, and were shown into the library, where sat the methodical Baronet, awaiting them, chronometer in hand, and an incipient frown upon his brow. He rose and advanced a step toward the widow, with more of respect, if not of cordiality, than he had expected to feel for her. He had heard that Amy Maxwell was a very pretty girl, and he looked to see the sorry remains of mere prettiness, and thought to encounter a manner constrained and deprecating to awkwardness. He was therefore surprised and impressed by the noble matronly beauty of the woman who at last entered the room, very quietly, but not timidly, moving with a light, but even tread, and stood before him with "level-fronting eye-lids," calm and still; the sombre robes of widowhood falling in soft, classic folds around a figure, exquisitely rounded and proportioned—not tall, but seeming so from the womanly pride and simple dignity of its carriage.

Just behind his mother came young Philip; looking a little shy, and for his age, singularly grave, but by no means awkward, or awe-struck. Philip was a handsome, or rather a beautiful boy, for he was somewhat too pale and slender for the ideal English lad, hearty, healthy and care free—his head was large, his eye deep and tender, and a premature thoughtfulness shadowed his face. He was tall for his years, scarcely twelve, and his manner was assured without boldness, modest without bashfulness. He had been well instructed in the earliest religion of the heart, taught in the Commandment—"Honor thy father and thy mother," and to this he had added a noble self-respect; so his simple, truthful nature showed green and fair with the promise of sound manly qualities, bearing no ugly canker of incipient vice, no rank taint of inherited flunkeyism.

"Pray be seated, madame," said Sir Ralph, a little flurry of embarrassment disturbing the usual smooth formality of his manner. "Pray be seated, I am very happy to see you, and my young nephew."

"Ah, thank you, Sir Ralph—that is more than we looked for," replied the widow, taking the chair indicated by a gesture of her host. "I have come because I promised *him*—your brother, to do so. I am here to learn your wishes and plans, if you have any, in regard to my son."

There was a slight tremble in her voice, and a faint flush on her pale cheek, as she said this, but she still looked calmly and steadily into the face of the baronet.

"How proudly and properly she speaks!" thought Sir Ralph—"but I had forgotten—for more than ten years she has had the benefit of the society of a Coniston—that explains it."

Ah, Sir Ralph, you forget that for more than three times ten years you have enjoyed that inestimable privilege, and have not yet attained to such true pride of spirit, such unerring propriety of manners.

So that does *not* explain it.

Sir Ralph fidgetted in his chair, utterly at a loss how to name his hard, humiliating conditions to the sorrowful, majestic woman, who sat calmly awaiting his reply, with one arm thrown half protectingly, half dependingly around the neck of her boy. There was something in the apothecary's daughter that impressed his dull, egotistic nature with a strange sense of reverence. To be arrogant, supercilious, pompous, or patronizing with that woman, whose soft yet piercing eyes seemed already to have sounded his intellect, and measured his moral height, and to express anything but satisfaction at the result—were out of the question. He had the sense, or rather the instinct to see that.

There was nothing left for him but a plain statement of his plan, and a dogged adherence to his determination.

"Yes, madame," he said, breaking at last the silence which was becoming oppressive to the widow; "I have wishes, or at least, *plans* in regard to your son, my nephew. I am willing to receive him into my family—to bring him up as one of my own—to give him the education of a gentleman, and it may be, to help him to a gentlemanly profession; all this provided that the lad be left entirely in my hands—entirely, madame."

Mrs. Coniston did not understand—she flushed with surprise and pleasure; a smile of pure gladness revisited her sad face, as she replied—

"Oh, Sir Ralph, you are very good. God, the God of the widow and the fatherless will reward you. Believe me, I will not interfere with your generous plans. Philip shall be subjected to you, as to a father—he shall come to the Hall daily, to receive instructions with his cousins, or he shall go to any school you shall designate. It will be hard to part with him, for a whole term at a time—for me, who have never yet been separated from him for a single day; but I love him too well, and I trust too wisely, to oppose my selfish designs to his interests."

"Ah, I am happy to be assured of that," rejoined Sir Ralph, "for, I perceive, that you do not yet fully understand me. My plan is not to send him to school, or not for a year or two, at least, but to allow him to study under a tutor, with Hubert, my second son, who is rather a shy, dull boy, hates books and begs off from school."

"Oh, Sir Ralph," exclaimed Amy, "I am very happy that you do not think it necessary for my boy to go at once away; for just now, so soon after the loss of his father, I fear I could not bring myself to part with him."

"Indeed, madame, if such are your feelings, our negotiation is already at an end," said the Baronet, rising from his chair.

"Why, Sir Ralph, what can you mean?" was the simple, amazed exclamation of the widow.

"I have been very unfortunate in my choice of words, madame, if you have failed to understand me," was the dry rejoinder, "but I will now be more explicit. I consent to receive your son into my house as a member of my family on one condition only—that of a total disseverance of other family ties and associations. In short he must become one of us."

"Is it possible, Sir Ralph, that you wish me to resign my child utterly?—to be banished from him—to die to him? Oh, no, you are a father, you cannot mean that."

"No, madame, not quite that. You could see the boy occasionally—say once or twice a year—all interviews to take place here, at the Hall."

"Once or twice a year—and not to have him to myself at home at all? Sir Ralph Coniston, how dare you make such a proposition to me?" exclaimed Amy indignantly, almost fiercely, rising to her feet, and resting her hands on the shoulders of her boy, who stood up proudly, facing his uncle with brave, flashing eyes. Sir Ralph was astonished, confused, even for the moment, subdued.

With a greatly softened voice and manner he replied,

"I pray your pardon, madame—I meant no offence—I have only the boy's good in view—you surely cannot doubt my entire disinterestedness in this matter?"

This last was spoken in a tone slightly sarcastic; but Amy did not perceive it. She responded to the unwonted gentleness of his first words of deprecation.

"Nay, I beg your pardon for my violence. I am scarcely myself of late—I sometimes think that I am quite grief distraught. But your proposition is surely a hard one. I cannot accept it even for my dear boy's sake. If, in truth, you meant it kindly, I thank you, and take my leave of you in no unkindly feeling."

"Stay, madame," said the Baronet, "it strikes me that the boy himself should have some voice in this matter—what say you, my lad—will you live here, as my adopted son, and receive the education of a gentleman, or stay in Woolham, dependent on your mother, and become the apprentice of your grandfather?"

Amy winced at this; but her noble boy did not. He turned on her a face full of loving reverence and devotion, then looking back at his uncle replied,

"I thank you, Sir Ralph Coniston, I should like to live here, in papa's old home, and I would do anything for an education, except forsake my mother—that I cannot do. She is the best friend I have in the world—my father left her to me, and me to her."

This beautiful boyish devotion filled Amy's heart with the most exquisite pleasure, the joy and triumph of love—incited it to emulation, to sacrifice—made it strong enough to humble itself before pride, arrogance, and stupid insensibility.

"The boy is too young," she said, "to decide a question of such moment for himself. I must decide for him, and oh, do not make it so hard for me to discharge this duty. I tremble to think that I may be acting against the future interests of my son in rejecting your offer—yet unless you will modify your conditions, reject it I must. I know that you think me weak, but out of such weakness is born the divinest strength. If I know my own soul, I wish to act only for the best good of my child, and I cannot but think that the unnatural separation you propose would be a harm and a sin. It would be violence to the holiest instincts of his nature—it would cruelly wound his heart at first, and afterward harden it. I assure you, Sir Ralph, I am willing to do all that a mother should—I do not ask to see my son every day, or every week—I would even consent to see him only once a month, if I could have him to myself throughout one blessed Sunday. This much I yield."

Sir Ralph shook his head gravely.

"Nay, then," she continued, with almost tearful earnestness, "I ask it as a kindness to my fatherless, almost friendless boy. I have heard my husband regret that you two were not always as good friends as brothers should be—so I ask nothing for *his* sake; but I have also heard him say that you were both fond of your mother, a tender and loving woman, and for *her* sake I ask you also to yield somewhat."

Sir Ralph was touched at last.

"Madame," he said, "I must consult with Lady Coniston on this matter before I finally decide. May I beg you to be seated again, and to excuse me for a few moments." Saying this the Baronet passed into the breakfast parlor, from whence he sent a servant to summon Lady Coniston. While awaiting her he walked up and down the room in a state of indecision and perplexity unusual with him, but vexed with himself for wavering in his resolution, and growing momently stern and rigid toward the rash boy who had so foolishly rejected his generous offer, and toward the woman who had argued with and moved him. Suddenly, in haughtily throwing back his head, he encountered the sweet, sad eyes of his mother's picture. They seemed to be regarding him with a strange, wistful, pleading look. He turned uneasily away and walked to another part of the room, but with a feeling that he could not define, turned and looked back at the portrait. The eyes were following him, as pictured eyes will follow one. He could not escape them, and the wistful, pleading look seemed to deepen, and to be ready to become audible in words, to flow forth in tears.

The servant entered to say that her ladyship had gone out to drive, and would not be back before the hour of lunch. This left Sir Ralph under the necessity of deciding for, and by himself. He glanced again at the portrait. It had grown to look solemn, reproachful. There was warning in those sweet, sad eyes—such an expression as might dwell in those of a guardian angel just ready to take flight. There was something supernatural in those changes of expression—in the aspect of that familiar face—in that haunting, *hunting* gaze. It was in vain that he said to himself that those grave, sorrowful features were but strokes of a cunning brush—lights and shadows, mellowed by time—that the face they counterfeited had been dust and darkness these many years—a presence pure, severe, unearthly looked down upon him, from that quaint old frame—looked through those faded eyes into his heart, and moved it to terror, to remorse, to relenting. He turned abruptly to the library, and with but little sign of his inward perturbation, announced to the widow his acquiescence in her last proposition. She thanked him simply, and briefly, scarcely cordially—the conditions seemed still very hard—not because of the separation they specified, but because of the invidious distinction they established between her and her son. With the thought of this uppermost in his proud heart, Philip felt little gratitude, and expressed none. He merely bowed assent to the decision that had been arrived at by his elders, and quietly asked when he should report himself at Coniston Hall.

"You had better come on Monday morning—the day after to-morrow," replied the Baronet, somewhat stiffly.

"He shall come then," said the mother, with a little quiver of the lips and tremble of the voice, "and now, Sir Ralph, it only remains for me to bid you good morning," she added, with a slight courtesy.

"Good morning, madame—good morning, Philip," replied her stately brother in-law, with a bow like the bending of a poplar in a high wind.

A powdered footman, a very whited sepulchre of solemn ceremony, showed the two visitors down the first staircase, through the great hall-door and slid a glance or two of sleepy superciliousness down upon them from the lofty marble steps.

And this was Amy Coniston's first visit to the grand manor house which was once the home of her husband, and was soon to be the home of her son! Closely, almost convulsively, she grasped the hand of her darling boy, and set her lips and brows with strong resolution, as they walked homeward through the park.—She dared not speak, she dared not look into the troubled young face beside her, for fear the tears, with such difficulty repressed during the trying interview of the morning, would gush forth. For his sake she must be calm and courageous, and make cheerfully the sacrifice required of her.

The next day she was able to talk calmly and earnestly with her son—to comfort and counsel him. Above all, she enjoined it upon him to be jealous of his honor, of his self-respect, of the true, brave spirit he had inherited from his gallant father; that while he must strive to be at peace with his cousins, and should ever treat his uncle and aunt with ceremonious respect, he should never for a moment cringe, dissimulate or flatter, but bear his head erect with a manly, though modest assertion of equality. A flash of the dark eyes that looked earnestly into hers—a curl of the handsome lips, and a fiery dilation of the thin nostril, so like his high, free-spirited father's, convinced the mother that her words were not lost—that the lad would in no way dishonor his name.

CHAPTER II.

PHILIP.

A month—the long, lonely, first month of separation had passed—the happy Saturday night of reunion had come at length, and the young widow sat looking and listening for her son, in a rising fever of expectation, of irrepressible impatience. Her heart was sick with waiting, though she knew that she had come nearly an hour too early to the trysting-place appointed by herself and her son—a stile, just outside the gate of Sir Ralph's park, and leading into a by-path, which crossed the fields to Woolham. Twenty times, at least, she had looked at her watch, and peered through the park gateway into the shadowy avenue, in search of the slight, graceful form which her prophetic soul saw surrounded as by a nimbus, with all the shining qualities of a noble manhood—yet she knew that it was but childishness, but fond unreason, to look for him before sunset, to fret at inexorable time, and so far out-race the flight of the moments with her hurried heart-beats.

Once only since the day when she rendered him up to his guardian, had Mrs. Coniston heard from her son. He sent her, at the middle of the month, a simple little boy letter, which saddened her by its very effort at cheerfulness. He owned that he had been "a little homesick," but said "the worst is over now—I think I shall get along bravely in future."

More than once during this weary, anxious month, had Amy felt that she *must* break her hard contract, as though she must fly to Coniston Hall, a fair and stately mansion to other eyes, a grim and gloomy prison to her—must enter its forbidding portals, by the august authority of nature, and slake her torturing love-thirst, and satisfy her wild mother-yearning with the sight, the living voice, the embraces of her darling.

But she had still struggled with and conquered herself;—she and her noble boy had kept with honor to their engagement, till, as the lad said, "the worst was over."

At length, the sound for which the widowed mother had long been listening so eagerly, so intently, that she had almost felt angered by the sweet chatter of nest-building birds in the tree above her—almost jealous of the quick, audible beating of her own heart—struck upon her ear, faintly at first, but soon it grew distinct and near. It was her boy's step, flying down the avenue, keeping time to pulses bounding with eagerness and joy. The massive gate swung open, and the next instant Philip was clasped, panting and laughing, to his mother's heart, his arms flung about her neck, his flushed face raised to receive the bounteous rain of her kisses.

On their way to Woolham, Amy Coniston questioned her son with not a little solicitude in regard to his experience of life at the Hall. He acknowledged that he had had a bad attack of genuine homesickness in the first week of his exile. He had even cried at times when he thought himself unobserved—and it was such a relief!—but after having been once or twice surprised by his cousins and curious servants, he had given that up. He eat little and slept less during this attack, and once Georgiana the fair cousin nearest his own age, had taunted him about his shy, moping ways, and said,

"You'll get ill if you keep on so, you silly, babyish boy, and we'll have to send for your old grandpapa to dose you off a bit."

"What reply did you make to that?" asked Mrs. Coniston, with a look half of amusement, half of vexation.

"I said—'You are insolent, Miss—I wish to have nothing to do with so ill-mannered a girl.'"

"Ah, Philip, Philip, that was hardly gallant," said Amy, laughing in spite of herself, "but what was her answer?"

"Oh, she tossed her yellow curls—'golden' she calls them—I call them *yellow*—and said she would tell her papa I had spoken insultingly to her. I don't believe she did it though—she wouldn't dare to say as much to him about anything."

"Ah, indeed! is Sir Ralph such a 'Black Douglas' to his children? Well, perhaps it is a salutary fear for them; and, by the way, Philip, what have you to tell me of your uncle and aunt?"

"Why, not much. I have not seen Sir Ralph more than once or twice a day—then he merely said 'good morning' or 'good evening,' in his chilly, cloudy way—you know what that is, mamma. As to Lady Coniston, I'm afraid I shall always dislike her."

"Why so, my son?"

"Because, to speak plainly, she is an arrogant, insolent, ill-bred woman," replied Philip, flushing up angrily.

"Take care, Philip," said Amy, gravely, "those are very strong words."

"I know they are, mamma, and I mean them," said the lad, stoutly. "When I was first presented to her ladyship, she talked about me to Sir Ralph, as though I were a hundred miles away, or deaf, or too stupid to understand her."

"That is a mistake which people often make with children," replied the mother, "and you know, dear, that you are rather small for your age."

"So she said—'small and sallow—lank and shrewd-looking as a Yankee.' I thought that I would rather be so, than a big, lubberly dunce, like her son Hubert; but I did not say so."

"Ah, that was prudent," said Amy, laughing, "and did 'the head and front of her offending have this extent, no more?' Did she say aught else to displease my young master?"

"Yes," said Philip, coloring deeply, "as I stood before her, she shook out her perfumed handkerchief, and said to Sir Ralph, that I actually smelt of my grandpapa's shop."

It was now the mother's turn to flush with indignation.

"That was indeed rude and unkind," she said: then rather anxiously, "what response did you make to it, Philip?"

"Why, of course, nothing," replied the lad simply. "It was a *woman*, you know."

"That was very well," said Amy, with a look of relief, "and perhaps Lady Coniston did not mean that you should hear her offensive remarks—or did not intend that they should be taken in an offensive sense."

Philip said nothing to this, but shook his head and smiled in a strange, shrewd, suspicious, unchildlike way.

"Well, my son," resumed the widow, after a moment's silence, "have you not something more satisfactory to tell me of your relatives, and your relations with them? What of your Cousin Hubert? How do you two get on?"

"Oh, very well," replied Philip, laughing, "since I beat him."

"Beat him! how?" asked Amy, apprehensively.

"Why, in a regular bout, mamma. He bullied me, and I 'punished' him. He called me 'baby' and 'milk-sop,' because I was homesick, and fretted after you, and actually tried to make a fag of me;—so you see I had to thrash him—there was no help for it."

"A dire necessity, certainly;—but is not Master Hubert somewhat older and much larger than you?"

"Yes, mamma, but he has no muscle, no real pluck."

"Did he own himself fairly beaten?"

"Oh, yes, and was humble enough, I assure you. He even said that he supposed he must be the fag, now."

"And you said—what?"

"That I didn't want, and wouldn't have such a thing;—that of the two, I would rather be the fag than the tyrant. I told him just to let me alone, and I wouldn't trouble him. Since then, we have been very good friends. After all, Hu. isn't so bad, as he is silly—and a fellow isn't to blame for being a noodle, is he?"

"I suppose not," replied Amy, assuming a gravity she scarcely felt. "And now," she continued, "tell me something of your tutor. He is a very important personage in your new world. He will probably exercise a greater influence than all the rest upon your mind, if not on your heart."

"Oh, I like Mr. Gregory, and respect him too, though Hubert and Georgiana quiz him, and call him a 'prig.' He is a little on the Dominie Sampson order, very tall and decidedly not handsome, absent-minded and rather awkward; but he is clever, honest, and good-tempered, and I like him. They say he was a Highland herdsman's son, and a charity-student in some Scotch college; but I think he is a truer gentleman than Uncle Ralph, and keeps better company than he frequents."

"What company do you mean, Philip?"

"Why Virgil and Horace, Cicero and Plato, and the rest of those grand old chaps. Sir Ralph cut them all, when he left Oxford—I have heard papa say that snobs always do so."

"Philip, my son," said Mrs Coniston, growing very serious, "I must protest against your use of such disrespectful terms in speaking of Sir Ralph Coniston and his family. Remember that Sir Ralph is far your superior in age and station; remember that he is your dear father's elder brother, and that he now stands toward you and before the world, in the light of a benefactor. To me, there is a degree of meanness and treachery in speaking thus disparagingly of one from whom you are receiving a kindness—a great good.

Philip colored deeply and was silent a moment; then looking up with a frank smile, he said—

"You are right, mamma,—and after this, I will try to say nothing about Sir Ralph and his family, that I would not dare to say before him and them all."

And he kept his word better than most boys would have done.

I trust that my reader has ere this, perceived that my young hero was no ordinary boy. He was no monster of precocity—he was sufficiently childish to be pleasing as a child,—but his intellect, and even more his character, had been prematurely developed by certain experiences unusual to childhood. In the new world, the country of his birth, he had seen hardship and adventure, not quite congenial to a constitution far from robust. His father, a daring and enthusiastic sportsman, had striven, not altogether successfully, to make his little son a lover of wild forest sports, and to inure him to privation and exposure. But the primitive training had its full effect upon the mental, if not on the physical constitution of the boy—it made him fearless, manly, and peculiarly simple in his habits and tastes. His father had been his tutor, his confidant, and comrade—had taught him nearly all which his somewhat careless memory retained of book-lore, and if he had not developed well his reasoning faculties, had fed his imagination and fancy by his familiar talk. And wonderful talk it was—fluent, affluent, brilliant, entertaining, full of point, originality and pictorial effects. He was a clever man, a poet who had never written a poem—a painter who had never touched pencil to canvas, that Captain Coniston, though his genius was utterly unsuspected beyond his family, his club, and his regiment.

Young Philip was thought a lad of great promise and fine manly qualities by the few who knew him. He was a true boy, after the best, not the common type—impulsive, frank, loyal, too proud and fearless to be anything but honest—loving goodness and true nobility with a generous ardor, hating tyranny and pretension bitterly and fiercely. The sudden death of his idolized father came to steady his giddy young brain, as only a stock of unlooked-for misfortune can, and to temper his passionate heart in the fierce fire of affliction. Then came a wintry voyage across the ocean, when for days and nights, his young, sad face grew rigid and white with confronting Death—sometimes looking up from black gulfs of waves, sometimes surmounting white, swooping crests, sometimes marshaling tempestuous clouds, that met above the ship, and charged and rolled together with an awful uproar of thunder and a blinding blaze of lightning, till the sea seemed to boil and hiss with the plunging bolts—sometimes leading the dread array of icebergs, that crept stealthily down the seas, and came against the lonely ship, like a ghostly armada.

Through all this, the boy found himself the sole protector, help and comfort of his sorrowing and suffering mother; so what wonder that he grew strong, wise, and old beyond his years?

All his former experiences seemed to have prepared him for his present peculiar and trying position in the family of his uncle. A lad of less character, or less discipline, would have conformed, or recoiled too much. Philip had already the manliness and good sense to despise the narrow prejudices of the pride of wealth and family, of his aristocratic relatives,—deeply and bitterly in his secret heart he resented the cruel and insulting exclusion of his mother from his new home,—but he knew the immeasurable good of the education promised to him, the only capital with which he could hope to begin the world and win for himself fortune or favor, and for the sake of that devoted, self-forgetting, beloved mother, he would endure even to the end. There was heroic stuff in the lad, of that quiet and silent kind, which, by careless or unfriendly observers, is sometimes taken for insensibility or sullenness. Not altogether good and ennobling were the effects of his new condition, society and associations. The rare atmosphere of aristocratic life did not enervate, but it chilled him. He grew prouder than ever—more reserved, morbidly sensitive, and almost misanthropic and cynical. He cherished a growing hatred of patrician pretension, of the distinctions of caste, of the senseless pride and arrogance of mere rank, palsying the natural affections and generous passions of the heart. He had small reverence for a title, worn as savages wear ornaments, their all of both dress and decoration, not as the *last* decoration of true princelinees, full robed and pre-eminent without it;—or for blood, which, springing from the veins of some questionable Norman hero, had grown weaker and thinner with each succeeding generation.

But his hate of aristocratic prejudices at length became itself a prejudice, and his sympathy with his equals injustice toward his superiors in rank.

Can any good come out of Belgravia?—is there virtue, honor, humanity, in the red book of the Peerage? said the voice of his democratic skepticism, after four years experience, or rather observation, of high life.

Philip was now a lad of sixteen—still slender, pale, and deep-eyed, a devoted, almost devout student, yet a passionate lover of Art, Poetry, Music, Beauty. He was grave of manner, and singularly manly in his habits of thought, yet he had never outgrown his tender, jealous love for his mother. Still on one Saturday night of every month, the night of release and recompense, he flew down the sombre avenue, through the gateway of the Park, to the stile under the elm, where in sunshine or in rain, under a fall of autumn leaves, or winter snow, *she* sat, the faithful, the best beloved. Never her fair sad face lost its charm for him—never her voice its music, never her kiss its sweetness.

At the Christmas Holidays in the fourth year of Philip's stay at Coniston Hall, an event occurred, of by no means a startling, or an unusual character, yet which had no little influence upon his after life.

This we will chronicle in the Chapter which follows. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

THE TRUE REMEDY.

There are in the city of New York nearly 40,000 women who sew for a living. About 13,000 of these are shirt makers, 11,000 tailoresses and vest makers, 4,400 cloak and mantilla makers, 3,000 dressmakers and milliners, besides those employed in other branches of needle work. Most of these women have been out of employment during the past winter; only about 3,000 of them, it is said, have had work to do during this period. Shirt makers generally receive 25 cents a day.

And yet we have reason to believe that it is almost impossible permanently to relieve these distressed sewing women, owing, in a considerable degree, to their own perversity. They will insist upon being miserable sewing women—and we are told that a large proportion of them are also miserable sewers—and nothing else. If there is a country in the whole world where there is a demand for female labor, this is the one. In the Eastern cities even, the scarcity of good servants is a very great obstacle in the way of comfortable housekeeping.—'Oh, if I only could get one good English domestic!' is the cry of those of our ladies who have been abroad, and been able to contrast the European article with that which they have at home. Some writers seem to think the fault lies as much at the door of the mistresses as of the servants—but are the English ladies any better mistresses than the American ones? We think, on the contrary, that they are not so good—being far more exacting and less patient with those under them. No, the ladies of America are the cream of the earth in this respect. And the amount of positive martyrdom suffered by a host of noble-minded, self-sacrificing American women, at the hands of their ignorant and selfish so-called "help"—which "help" is often merely a hindrance—constitutes, in our opinion, no small share of the aggregate mental and physical suffering of the country.

Think of the thousands upon thousands of pale American mothers and housekeepers, who are exploring these "distressed" women of the city, to come out and help them—who need help so much: who could be so happy were they not unavoidably worked almost to the last strain of endurance. And what is too often the answer. Oh, we will not go to the country, the work is too hard there—or we would die or do worse, rather than "serve tables" as the Apostles did—or some other weak or silly answer. So that while one noble class of our women are worked beyond health and strength, another class are shirking out of that kind of work which most needs to be done, and are meanly begging for alms! Maudlin 'philanthropists," as they call themselves, may sympathize with the latter class; but we confess our sympathies are far more with the former. Noble wives and mothers of America, scattered over the length and breadth of the land, doing your duty to your husbands and your children at any cost—wearing your hands to the bone, losing all the fresh bloom and glory of the most beautiful youth that any race of women ever knew—of you we often think with the deepest reverence and the most fervent admiration. Let us have our little jokes at your tiny bonnets and your enormous skirts—something is needed to keep us from forgetting that you are mortal. After all that wit and satire can say is said—where, the whole world over, shall we find creatures of such marvellous spirit and such untainted truth? True to duty, to children, to husbands—refined, etherial, yet, as mere housekeepers and workers, excelled by none! The noblest, truest, and most spiritual race of women the world ever saw!

That you really need help—that you fade so early as you do, mainly because you are worked too hard, is our deliberate belief. Any one can understand why the English woman keeps her good looks so long, who knows how much more help—and of a first rate quality too—she has for her household cares; and, as a consequence, how much more time for both indoor and outdoor recreations. Work English women as American women are worked, for three generations, and they will become as frail, and their beauty as fleeting. Why, the ancestors of a large proportion of our women were those same buxom English women. But a pioneer life in the colonies was something very different from the easy life of the old country—and, to this day, the cares of an American housekeeper are double those of an English one.

As for the sewing women, so long as they remain sewing women, their case is hopeless. Since the introduction of the sewing machines, their occupation, heaven be blessed! is gone. Their labor is greatly wanted in that business which more particularly belongs to women, the care of houses and children; and the sooner they turn themselves heartily to their new vocation, the better not only for them, but for everybody else. The cry that woman's proper sphere is over-occupied, and that she must of necessity begin to encroach upon the employments of man, is sheer nonsense. All through the Western country particularly, there is, as every one knows, a lamentable scarcity of women. What these distressed needle women want, is a lesson of good sense in the first place, and then to be colonized in districts where all womanly effort is at a high premium. And now is the very time for such movements.—They should not be left to the winter months, but should be inaugurated at once. And the Western people themselves should move in the matter, and not trust too much to the East—for they are the ones more particularly to be benefitted. With the East it is a work of Charity—with the West, of Business and Necessity: and with the proverbial energy and practical good sense of the West, they should set about it. Let them take the distressed workers of the East to the even more distressed housekeepers—male and female—of the West—and the distress of both parties will be, in a great degree, neutralized, and happiness remain as the beautiful product.

A NEW PICTURE.

The "Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur, now on exhibition at Earle's Gallery in this city, is one of the most remarkable pictures we have seen. It has little of the ideal element, such as we find in Landseer's pictures of animals, but a resolute fidelity to brute nature. These are horses—not of the finest kinds—no blood mettled racer or delicate-limbed Arabian—but the sturdy breeds of Flanders and Normandy, giant-sized, and turbulent with animal strength and fire. In the centre rears, red-eyed, wide-nostrilled, and brim-full of dark rebellion, a gigantic glossy black stallion, whose shaggy wrath his rider seeks to tame with blows. Beyond him is a white mare, also rearing unmanageably, with whinnying mouth and furious visage. By these darts toward the foreground, a bright bay horse with level neck and electric mane—a brisk Canadian beauty. To the left is a strong, heavy-trotting, dappled sorrel, with a groom running beside. Two dappled white Flanders horses, with muscular limbs and knotted tails, dash smartly on to the right, side by side, one of them ridden by a groom, bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves, whose attitude on horseback is only rivalled for naturalness with that of the groom to the right, shaken, one can feel, on his hard-trotting chestnut cob. Other horses fill in the background and distances. The whole cavalcade appears in projected relief against an avenue of light green trees, reaching far away to the blue, misty distance, in which rises the gray dome and cupola of St. Cloud. Overhead is a sky of cloudy pearl, from which a mild, warm spring sunlight pours through the soft, sultry air, and casts equine shadows on the yellow gravel of the course. But it is useless to describe, for even if our pen dropped colors instead of words, we could not reproduce on paper what Rosa Bonheur has produced on canvas. One hardly needs an active fancy to imagine these animals breaking loose from the picture, and making the air resound with the clatter of hoofs, and the champing and snorting and whinnying which the artist has almost painted.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 196—Adults 93, and children 97.

INTERESTING TO THE "VERDANT."

As doubtless we shall run the risk of having, in a few months, the usual number of inquiries from distant correspondents relative to their prospects of obtaining certain papers which they have subscribed for—but which, with the promised gold watches, large farms, diamond rings, &c., have not been heard from—we proceed to answer some of these questions in advance, by copying the following recent notices from New York sources:—

The police, this morning, took into custody Messrs. Dean & Slaughter, proprietors of a gift establishment in Moffat's Buildings, Broadway. The enterprise is said to have been managed by the publication of a weekly paper, called "The Golden Prize," filled with sensation stories, and other similar matter. On promising to abandon the business, the parties were discharged from custody.—*N. Y. Corres. Public Ledger.*

Dean & Slaughter, proprietors of the Golden Prize, a newspaper auxiliary to one of the numerous "gift concerns," against which the public (police!) are waging a war of extermination, were brought up again before the Mayor this morning, to explain a card they had printed in the morning papers denying the charges against them. The Mayor told them that those charges were perfectly true, and since they had broken their promise to him to quietly quit the business, he would turn them over to Judge Russell. The parties were committed for further examination.—*N. Y. Correspondent Pennsylvanian.*

A GREAT SWINDLE EXPLODED.—Various parties have from time to time called at the Mayor's office, and complained that they have been victimized by the "Grand Consolidated Lottery," and exhibited three newspapers which puffed up the swindle, and had been the means of drawing them into the snare. The newspapers were entitled "The Benefactor," Jersey City, E. Cooper & Co., proprietors, 85 Wall street; "The American Monthly Ledger," J. H. Hall & Co., proprietors, 92 Wall street; and "The Golden Era," Charles W. Morton & Co., proprietors, 102 Wall street. Mayor Tiemann directed Sergeant Birney to ferret out the swindlers, and seize all the lottery apparatus he could find.

The sergeant accordingly proceeded to Wall street, but no traces of the swindlers could be discovered within its charmed limits. The post office was then visited, where Sergeant Birney was informed that the letters addressed to the above firms were re-directed to Norwich, Connecticut. He started immediately for Norwich, and, on arriving there, pounced upon the lottery men, and arrested fourteen of them, by the aid of the Mayor and Sheriff of that city. The firm of J. H. Hall & Co. was found to consist of Wm. P. Petit and John W. Hooker. The parties who sailed under the alias of "Charles W. Morton & Co.," were L. B Richardson, E. Richardson, and Geo. H. Wright; and the firm of E. Cooper & Co., who were overhauled in New London, Conn., was represented by Geo. A. Pratt, Jr., and Samuel H. Freeman. Besides the proprietors, five printers, namely:—Hiram Hazen, J. N. Perry, John Frangley, L. Forsyth, and J. F. Forsyth, who were charged with setting up the matter of all three lottery newspapers, were arrested. The newspapers were full of urgent appeals to those who desired to enrich themselves in a short time, to subscribe to the lottery, and were published monthly.

One hundred thousand copies were issued, and sent all over the country, together with circulars, containing forged extracts from the Express and Despatch newspapers. Circulars, newspapers, lottery tickets, money, and the whole apparatus were seized and transported to this city with the prisoners, who were held to bail to answer the charge. The Grand Consolidated Lottery has been in operation for six years, and has cleared half a million of dollars for the proprietors. It is supposed that the receipts amounted to $1,000 per day. The prizes were ostensibly to be drawn in accordance with the drawing of the Delaware State Lottery, but false drawings were returned to the patrons, and no prizes were ever received. There are now three thousand letters in the New York Post Office, addressed to different Lotteries and Gift Swindles.—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

ANOTHER LOTTERY CONCERN BROKEN UP.—Sergeant Birney and squad, on information received a few days since, made a descent, or rather an ascent, yesterday upon a gift concern in the sixth story of 308 Broadway, and arrested two young men named Jean Pierce and Jos. Rogers, found in the office. These parties appeared to be agents of Adams & Banks, the ostensible proprietors of a small weekly newspaper of the circular kind, called "*Casket of Diamonds.*" According to the plan each subscriber, on paying a year in advance for this sheet, which is filled with a tale called "The Hasty Marriage," "The Lottery Ticket," fearful snake stories, and other extravagant matter, was entitled to a ticket which might at the end of the year draw him a prize of $20,000 worth of pure California diamonds, set in every conceivable style of elegance, &c. Subscription money had been forwarded by country greenies in abundance to the address of Adams & Banks, No. 49 Sixth avenue. The parties arrested stated that they had been engaged to publish the paper, and were recently trying to close the business, owing to the crusade against gift enterprises. No diamonds were found at the office of the concern—nothing but the two young gentlemen, two chairs, a dirty office, and a pile of papers ready for distribution. The accused parties appeared very anxious to get out of the business, and gave the Mayor the privilege of taking charge of all their letters containing money, that the money might be returned to the owners. Pierce and Rogers were held to bail in $500 each.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The success of these lottery enterprises in duping the public, proves how demoralized the country has become in its worship of Mammon. So men can get gold, they seem to care very little how it is obtained. And the natural and almost inevitable result is, that they lose their senses, and end with becoming poorer than they otherwise would have been. It is a simple truth, verified by experience, that of one hundred men who will not set their minds upon getting rich, but will simply strive to do their duty to themselves, their families and their fellow men, by living industrious, sober and economical lives, a far larger proportion will achieve a competency, than of another hundred, who shall look upon making money as the chief end of their existence. Because the latter, disdaining plodding industry and its honest and religious gains, will waste their money as fast as it is acquired, in gambling, in lotteries, and in hazardous speculations. As the Scripture says that "The man who seeks to save his life shall lose it," so the man whose chief aim seems to be the good things of this world, cannot gain them. The whole course of nature is full of the same apparent contradiction. If a man set deliberately about making himself happy, for instance, he cannot do it: but let him forget all about making himself happy, and go to work simply resolving to do his duty, and, when he can, to make others happy: and his own happiness, thus unsought for, will come of itself.

To counteract the tendency toward the Lottery and other gambling systems which is now so prevalent, would it not be well if the religious teachers of the people would raise their influential voices? Not in mere empty declamation, but in sound reasoning to show first the immorality, and, secondly, the folly of such things? There is need that the solid wisdom of our fathers, in abolishing by law all such abuses, should be again recurred to. The masses of the people should be informed upon what a solid foundation of sound morality and good sense, the anti-gambling enactments are based. They should be shown how all kinds of gambling are destructive of the best interests of society. How they discourage honest and plodding industry—the chief source of the wealth of nations. How they squander the results of the hard toil of years upon those whose lives are a daily record of idleness and sin and crime. How they really ruin even when they seem to enrich—a long array of facts proving, what every clear-sighted moralist would need no proof to know, that money gained by gambling and lotteries is the "devil's money," and brings excess, riot, and generally poverty itself, as a final result, in its train. For honest wages, however small, carry a blessing with them. But the fruits of games of chance—in those very few cases where any fruits are found—seem to bear a curse to the recipients.

A PEACE MISSION TO UTAH.

There seems to be no reason to doubt that Col. Thomas L. Kane—a brother of the late Dr. Kane—left this city early in January, on a mission of peace—partly official—to Salt Lake. Col. Kane will be remembered as the author of a pamphlet published some years ago, in which the Mormons were depicted as an honest and industrious, but maligned and persecuted people. If we remember aright, Col. Kane thought all the charges relative to "spiritual wifehood" and polygamy, mere fabrications.

As Col. Kane is said to have been received with open arms by the first Mormons he met in California, we trust he will be able to convince those deluded people of the necessity either of submitting to the moral code of the country, or else making up their minds to emigrate to some other region. We have enough sins to answer for already, without allowing Polygamy to be disinterred from the grave where the good sense of the leading nations of mankind has already laid it. One woman for one man is the great dictate of nature, as shown by the fact that the numbers of men and women in the world are nearly equal—and of all monopolies, a monopoly of the women by the wealthier classes of men, would seem to be the most odious and insufferable. Thus, putting aside all high and refined spiritual views of the question, the folly and viciousness of polygamy can be rendered apparent to the commonest understanding.

By no means perhaps can the virtue and happiness of any nation be more surely and lastingly promoted, than by such measures as tend to render every well-behaved man able to support a wife, and anxious to procure one. A man who marries a good wife has by that act added a new link between himself and the virtues—to industry, to economy, to chastity, to temperance, and to the veneration of the Great Supreme. While as for woman, we read that she was specially created for marriage, as "a help meet for the man." But only one Eve was created for Adam—not twenty—and, as we have said, such remains the order of creation to this day, one woman for one man. Anything that transcends that, is not in accordance with the universal harmony that was ordained at the beginning, but is more or less intemperate, "earthly, sensual and devilish."

MEXICO.

Recent advices from Mexico indicate the triumph of the Clerical and Aristocratic party, represented by the government of Gen. Zuloaga. It is reported that Gen. Orsollo, the commander of the Zuloaga forces, had possessed himself of Guadalajara, the seat of the Juarez government, broken up the Juarez Cabinet, banished its members, and was marching triumphantly upon the city of Mexico. It was further reported that Zuloaga would decline in favor of Orsollo.

If the Zuloaga government represents the Clergy and the Aristocracy, it represents probably two-thirds of the people, and three-fourths of the wealth of the country. And however a more liberal rule might be desired on abstract principles, it is all folly to attempt to carry on any government which arrays against itself such influential forces. The property of a country will, in the long run, generally rule the country—either by a constitutional weight in the government, or by an unconstitutional and illegal system of bribery and corruption. And when with the influence of the great landed proprietors of Mexico is combined the influence of the Church—which results alike from its possession of great wealth, and its spiritual prerogatives—it can scarcely be possible that any antagonistic influences should long be able to make head against them.

ADULTERATED LIQUOR.—The new liquor bill, as it passed the Senate of this State, contained an excellent amendment, offered by Mr. GAZZAM. It requires the Governor to appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, three inspectors of vinous, malt, and spirituous liquors for the city of Philadelphia, one for the city of Pittsburg, one for the rest of Alleghany county, and one for each judicial district in the State. These inspectors are to hold their office for three years, and are required to be "learned in the science of chemistry;" their duties shall be to inspect, examine and analyze all liquors, and upon detecting adulterations, provision is made for the destruction of the liquor. Each inspector is to receive a salary of $1 500 per annum, and every person obtaining a license is required to pay three dollars towards this sum.

We trust that amid all the alterations of the bill, this or some other amendment designed to prevent the poisonous adulterations now so universal, will not be overlooked.

☞ Messrs. J. G. Maxwell & Son, manufacturers of Ladies' Dress Trimmings, have removed to their new and handsome store, at the S. E. corner of Eleventh and Chestnut streets. Their advertisement, in another column calls attention to a new feature in their establishment

DENIED.

The story that the Spanish Government had presented a "project of law" abolishing slavery in all their colonial possessions, which was among the foreign news brought out by the steamship America, is not confirmed by later arrivals, and is therefore supposed to be unfounded. It first appeared as a telegraphic despatch in the *Brussels Nord.* We thought it was rather a singular statement, but in these days, we learn to be surprised at nothing.

NEW GRANADA.—The Attorney General of New Granada, in submitting the new Federal Constitution to the Congress of that Republic, recommends an application for the admission of the States of New Granada into the American Union, under the same conditions as the States that already constitute the Confederacy. New Granada consists of eight States, which have a population of 2,500,000, and a debt of $40,000,000—the Treasury exhibiting a yearly deficiency of from $600,000 to $1,000,000. Of the population of two and a-half millions, there are said to be half a million of pure whites, four hundred thousand Indians, and ninety thousand negroes—the balance probably being of mixed breeds. New Granada includes the Isthmus of Panama—and has other great natural advantages. How far her people share in the opinions of the Attorney General, does not at present appear.

THE HOOPS, at last, are really going out of fashion! Already in New York several leading fashionables have appeared on Broadway without them—and there is a general tendency to contract their dimensions. Probably by next Fall no fashionable lady "would be seen wearing such a thing!"

THE *Spiritual Telegraph*, in a review of the famous Spiritualistic lady, Mrs. Cora Hatch's writings, speaks admiringly of their "*Circean* charms of rhetoric." Circe, our readers will remember, was the siren of classic fable whose "charms" transformed men into beasts.

LETTER FROM OREGON.

OAKLAND, UMPQUA CO., OREGON, Feb. 22nd, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Sat. Eve. Post:—

While perusing some of my newspapers recently, I chanced to read the prospectus of your old and highly prized journal, THE POST, and I at once formed the resolution to raise a club for the same in this delightful Oregon of ours. "Where there is a will there is a way" is an old but true maxim, and although I am not able to send you as many new subscribers at this time as I wish, owing to being very busy just now putting in spring crops, I promise to enlarge upon the present number soon.

THE WINTER.—Our winter has been very mild. We have had but little frost and snow, and not our usual supply of rain. Of cold and chilly winds we have had none. During the whole winter, flowers have remained in bloom, the grass has made a verdant covering for our hills and beautiful valleys, and the farmer has had a fine opportunity of sowing many acres of grain.

THE MORMON WAR.—Fears are entertained here by some that if the Mormons still continue to set at defiance our government, that we may be forced into another war with the Indians, for if the reports circulated through the newspapers be true, then Brigham and his *clan* have enlisted most of the Indian tribes to fight under the Mormon banner, and the various tribes when combined are so numerous, that they could do a great deal of mischief here. But we hope that a sufficient force will be dispatched this spring to the scene of hostilities to put down this traitorous and rebellious people, and that, too, in short order. If volunteer forces are required, plenty of them can be had at a few days notice from Oregon or California. Several companies have enrolled their names and are ready to start at almost any moment.

THE MINES.—News from the mines is generally of a favorable character; fresh discoveries are constantly being made. Gold can be found in every part of the Umpqua Valley, but mostly in too small quantities to be remunerative. In the Southern part of Oregon—Rogue River and Illinois valleys—the precious metal found in considerable abundance.

Respectfully yours,

AN OREGON FARMER.

THE FUNERAL OF MR. BENTON.—St. Louis, April 16.—Yesterday morning the remains of the late Col. Benton were conveyed from the residence of Col. Brant, with a military escort, to the Mercantile Library Hall, where they lay in state till ten o'clock last night. The Hall and its interior were appropriately draped in mourning. The final rites of sepulture took place this morning, and were participated in by the various military companies, benevolent societies, firemen, the members of the city government, and citizens generally. Business was entirely suspended, and the stores and dwellings along the route draped in mourning. It is estimated that twenty-five thousand persons visited the Hall and gazed upon the features of the illustrious dead.

At ten o'clock this morning the remains were taken from the Mercantile Library Hall, to the Second Presbyterian Church, where the funeral ceremonies were performed by the Rev. Mr. Cowan, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Anderson and Mr. Brooks.

At the conclusion of the services, the body was placed in a hearse, which was followed to the Bellefontaine Cemetery by the most imposing procession ever formed in St. Louis, consisting of the relatives and friends of the family, all the military companies of this city, the seventh regiment of U. S. Infantry, under the command of Col. Morrison, the Judges of the Courts, members of the bar, members of the city government, a large majority of the benevolent societies of the city, the German Turners, and an immense concourse of others, in carriages and on foot. The cortege was forty-five minutes in passing a given point. The body of McDowell Jones, the grandchild of Mr. Benton, was conveyed to the tomb at the same time.

THERE have been several stories in the papers of late relative to people losing their hair suddenly and most unaccountably. Some persons suggest that it is owing to eating onions. It is said that some years ago, a man who lived in Rhode Island had a horse who ate two bushels of that vegetable one night, and soon afterwards all the hair fell from his hide!

THE author of "The Vicar of Wakefield" is at last about to have a monument erected to his memory in the land of his birth. A subscription has been opened in Dublin, and the Lord Lieutenant has given £100.

THE President has determined to take the volunteer regiments for Utah from the Western States.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

HEAVING OF THE WAVES—WHAT CAN IT BE?—AN INCIDENT IN A SUMMER-RAMBLE (CONCLUDED.)

Paris, March 25, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The "international" difficulty is still the topic here; and the angry feeling will probably not die away as promptly as it has been excited. Your countryman, Mr. Racey, the tamer of horses, is the next topic in point of interest; and speculation is rife as to the "secret" he has discovered.

The weather is lovely; and quiety rife in spite of Lent. But with this rapid glance at the world about us, I take up at once the thread of the little narrative already twice interrupted, and proceed to set forth the termination of

AN INCIDENT IN A SUMMER-RAMBLE.

On the morning of the Friday following my arrival at Morlaix, I set off on a donkey, with a peasant lad for a guide, to visit a wild and beautiful cascade among the mountains.

My ride back was a silent one, for there was nothing to be got out of my guide, and we were again in the neighborhood of Morlaix before a word had been spoken on either side, beyond the occasional indications with regard to the road furnished by the companion of my ramble, when, on turning the brow of a hill immediately behind the village, my guide suddenly stopped, and putting his hand to his ear, exclaimed, with a sigh,

"Virgin Mother of Mercy! all is then over with poor dear Marie!"

"What do you mean?" I demanded, much astonished at the lad's exclamation.

"Madame does not hear the toll of the passing bell coming up from Morlaix?" replied my guide, falling on his knees, and beginning to recite, with many crossings, the prayers of his church for the dying.

I listened intently, but could hear nothing more than the sighing of the wind, as it swept over the side of the mountain, and died away in the hollows formed by its projecting spurs. Urging forward my donkey round the brow of the hill, I paused again to listen, and this time I could plainly hear, distinct though faint, the slow stroke of a church-bell, wafted upwards from the valley below me, now clearer, now fainter, as the wind brought the sounds with it on its invisible wings.

"Alas! poor Marie Lirieux!" I exclaimed, involuntarily, as I alighted from the beast, and leaving him at liberty to crop the short, juicy grass about him, sat down on the hill-side to await my guide, and gave myself up to regretful musings on the fate of the dying woman, and on the tenuity of this mysterious flame which we call LIFE, and which so slight a breath suffices to put out. I thought of the solemn transit even then being made by the gentle spirit of the poor peasant woman whose exit from this outer world would leave so grievous a void in the narrow but living sphere of human interests and charities which it had filled so lovingly and so well; and almost envied the certain knowledge of *The Beyond*, which all the physical and metaphysical systems we have been elaborating since the dawn of reason, have failed to afford us, and which would soon have raised that simple and unlearned traveller to a point of wisdom so far above the level of our most cultivated philosophers. And still the bell tolled on, slowly and faintly, the very faintness with which the sounds were now brought to the ear, now lost among the eddying breezes of the valley, enhancing the shadowy solemnity of the impression they created on the mind.

My reverie was brought to an end by the cessation of the knell, and the re-appearance of my guide.

"All is over!" said he, wiping away a couple of tears with the back of his hand, "God rest the soul of poor Marie Lirieux!"

"Amen!" I responded, as I rose from the ground, and mounting the donkey, again set forward in the direction of the village.

"There'll be a deal of prayers said for her in the valley," he added, "for she was good to everybody, and everybody loved her."

The death of the cottager's wife was confirmed by la mère Gaudet, on my return; the good woman's grief being really something touching to witness. To borrow her own language, "Every heart in the village was as heavy as stone," through the night that followed the untimely decease of poor Marie Lirieux.

According to the custom of the country, the corpse was laid out as soon as cold, and the funeral was to take place the next day. Lighted candles were placed at the head and feet of the coffin, and a number of women, among whom was la mère Gaudet, kept watch through the night in the mortuary chamber, reciting meantime the prayers for the dead.

The old father and mother, stupefied with grief, had been *got* to bed by the persuasions of the women; but the bereaved husband could not be induced to leave the room. He sat beside the form of his unconscious wife, holding her hands in his, and so absorbed in his sorrow that he seemed unconscious of all that was going on around him through the whole of the night.

Next morning—the very day for which they had been bidden to the *fête* that Jean Lirieux was to have given in honor of his parents' wedding-day—the tolling of the church bell called the people of the village to pay the last mournful duties to his wife, so full of health and activity only a week before.

The whole valley seemed to have transported itself bodily to the white cottage across the stream: for when I went down into the village to attend the funeral-service, the houses all appeared to be deserted. The entrance to the little church, as is usual on such occasions, was draped with hangings of black cloth, with silver trimmings, rusty and tarnished with age. Inside, a number of small tapers were burning in little triangular wooden stands, especially before the altar of the virgin, the patroness of the defunct. The sexton, a wrinkled, withered old man, in a shrunken and faded suit, and wearing a black skull cap, moved restlessly up and down the narrow aisle, and about the church-door, awaiting the arrival of the funeral-train.

The hour appointed for the funeral had arrived, and the Curé, as the sexton informed me, was already robed, and awaiting the appearance of the mourners. But still they came not, and we, i. e. the sexton and myself, were beginning to wonder what could be the cause of the delay, when a sound of eager voices was heard outside, and half-a-dozen peasants—whose faces and gestures indicated a high degree of joyous excitement—appeared at the entrance of the church, and with energetic beckoning, signed to the astonished sexton to come out to them.

My curiosity being keenly excited by this unexpected incident, I naturally hastened out in the wake of that functionary; and I had no sooner quitted the building, than my ears were met with a jubilant shout of "She's come to life again!" "she isn't dead at all!" "Stop the bell, père Michel, and go quick to Monsieur le Curé, and tell him 'tis all a mistake, and that Marie Lirieux is no more dead than I am."

The old sexton, thus assailed on all sides, stood still for a few moments in rigid speechless bewilderment, staring blindly at the gesticulating crowd gathered about the church, some of them tossing up their caps, others dancing and capering about to the music of their own heavy *sabots*: but the arrival of fresh groups of villagers, hastening back from the Lirieux's cottage, uttering exclamations of joy, and all confirming the news announced by the first comers, presently sufficed to force upon his mind a glimmering conviction of the truth of this astounding resuscitation, and sent him bobbling into the church, and towards the sacristy, as fast as his rheumatism would let him.

While some of the villagers went into the church and stopped the exertions of the bell-ringer, I contrived, not without difficulty, to gather from one or two of the least excited of their neighbors, that, just as the coffin was about to be carried from the house, Jean Lirieux had perceived a return of motion about his wife's heart, and the doctor being fortunately present, the proper measures were resorted to, when the supposed defunct, awaking from her death-like lethargy, opened her eyes, and regained her consciousness, to the equal amazement and rejoicing of those about her.

In the course of a few minutes, M. Le Pellier in his ordinary garb emerged from the church, and having addressed a few words of pious and affectionate felicitation to his excited parishioners, whom he advised to return forthwith to their ordinary occupations, set out with all speed for the Lirieux's cottage, whither I had no difficulty in obtaining his permission to accompany him.

Arrived at the gate of the little garden, I sat down on the turf outside, to await his return from the cottage, and the particulars of the event which had so unexpectedly changed a day of mourning into one of joy.

My curiosity was not kept long in suspense: for the good Curé soon re-appeared, his face aglow with happy excitement.

"This dear good Marie is not only alive," said he joyfully, "but our friend the doctor considers the crisis of her malady to be past, and her life quite out of danger, though of course she is excessively weak, and will need a few days of the utmost quiet and most careful nursing. But the merciful Hand that has so manifestly sustained her in this awful extremity will, I doubt not, restore her to our prayers and our affections. And how inscrutable, my young friend, are the ways of Providence," he continued, in a devout tone, "and how marvellously does His wisdom deign to bring strength out of our weaknesses, and good out of evil. For our poor patient, who has so narrowly escaped the frightful doom of being buried alive,—a danger which one cannot think of without horror and dismay!—owes her deliverance to a relic of ancient superstition, that lingers still among our hills, and that prompts their inhabitants to place a piece of money or some small object of value in the hands of deceased relatives previous to burial: a custom which, as repugnant alike to our holy faith and the traditions of the church, I, like the rest of my brethren, have felt it to be my duty to combat by every means in my power, though, I fear, without much success. For though my poor parishioners are unwilling to grieve me by openly practising an observance which the church condemns, I have reason to believe that the obnoxious custom is privately adhered to at most of their burials. Jean Lirieux, who is every whit as superstitious as his neighbors, could not endure to let his wife's corpse be buried without his having placed this offering in her hands, and to effect this object, was the one idea of which he was conscious amidst the blank despair and desolation that had settled on his mind. He watched through the whole of last night beside the coffin, in hopes of finding an opportunity of slipping into her hand a ring and a pair of gold ear-rings that had belonged to her mother, and for which Marie had always a great affection. But the presence of the women who watched by the body, reciting the prayers for the departed, prevented him from effecting his purpose, and at length the coffin was closed, and was about to be screwed down, preparatory to being carried to the church. But he persisted in his design with a peasant's tenacity, watching his opportunity to the last, and taking advantage of a moment when all the women but one had gone into the kitchen to partake of some refreshment before setting out for the church, he got rid of the remaining watcher by pretending to her that her husband was in the garden and desired to speak to her. As soon as he found himself alone, he opened the coffin, and placed the trinkets in his wife's hand, which, to his surprise had lost its former rigidity, and felt, as he fancied, less cold. Taking up his wife once more in his arms, in a passion of sorrow—for he had inferred from these symptoms the presence of returning animation—he covered her with tears and kisses, when he suddenly perceived a flutter about the heart, and a slight tremor of the eyelids. Lifting her gently out of the coffin he laid her on the bed, loosened the grave-clothes in which she was wrapped, and having quitted her for an instant to summon the doctor, hastened back to the bedside, and clasped her in his arms, as he says, with a firm belief that she was coming back to life. Under the doctor's directions, frictions and appropriate remedies were at once applied, and ere long the fact of her recovery was communicated to the assembled villagers, who had gone up to the cottage with heavy hearts to render the last duties to the dead, and now dispersed in joyful exultation to carry back to the village good news of the living!"

Just then we were joined by Dr. Deimeau, who looked as happy as the Curé.

"She is doing exceedingly well," he exclaimed, rubbing his hands gleefully, and his face beaming with smiles, "forty-eight hours of quiet and proper feeding, and she is safe. In a fortnight we may give permission for the *fête* to take place; and truly it will not be too much to celebrate so marvellous an escape. It is one of the most interesting cases of trance upon record, and very instructive in a medical point of view. I shall send a notice of it to the Académie de Médicine of Arles," he continued, with a little flourish on the lid of the snuff-box from which he had just taken a pinch, "and I hope it will also be a lesson to our villagers, and induce them to allow a longer interval to elapse in future between death and burial. But I must hasten on my rounds," added the doctor, as he got astride his pony, "for I must manage to see my patient again a few hours hence, and again in the evening, so you will excuse my quitting you thus abruptly," and, suiting the action to the word, the doctor gave a twitch of the reins to his horse, and descended the hill almost at a gallop.

Having crossed the bridge together, I took my leave of the excellent old Curé, with many expressions of regret on both sides, for I had now no motive for prolonging my stay at Morlaix, and had determined to quit the valley early next morning. The good old man urged me strongly to visit the valley again, and I promised to do so should it ever be in my power.

The joy of la mère Gaudet at the recovery of the village favorite, was as expansive as her sorrow had been at her supposed decease; her only regret in the matter resulting from the fact of my inability to be present at the *fête* which Jean had declared should take place as soon as his wife's health should enable her to take part in the rejoicings. She, too, entreated me to re-visit the valley on some future occasion, reminding me that the inhabitants of the white cottage across the river were the only persons in all the village whose acquaintance I had not made; and, to confess the truth, I left Morlaix with a feeling of sympathy and interest for its people that, independent of the beauty of the spot, may very possibly take me there again in the course of my future perigrinations.

QUANTUM.

THE FRESHET IN THE WESTERN RIVERS—*Fears of a General Inundation.*—Pittsburg, April 14.—The river rose rapidly to-day, and there is now 15 feet of water in the channel, and stationary.

St. Louis, April 14.—Frightful consequences are likely to ensue from the present flood, along the Lower Mississippi, which is now higher at some places than was ever known. From the accession of the combined floods coming from the Upper Rivers, the Mississippi is rising from St. Paul down to this point.

The Missouri and Illinois rivers are both high and rising, and all their tributaries are at flood height. These high waters are occasioned by heavy rains, extending through the whole Western and North-Western country, and are not the usual spring mountain rise. Should that follow before the present flood subsides, the whole lower country will, doubtless, be inundated.

New Orleans, April 14.—The crevasse in the levee opposite this city continues—all attempts to stop it having failed. The track of the Opelousas Railroad is overflowed, preventing the running of trains. The amount of damage to the plantations overflowed is incalculable.

New Orleans, April 15.—The crevasse in the levee opposite this city continues triumphant. A determined effort is now being made to fill up the gap. Another rise is coming down the river.

THE OHIO RIVER.—Cincinnati, April 16.—The river at this point is rising rapidly, with 22 feet of water in the channel.

Louisville, April 16.—The river is rising, with 6½ feet on the falls.

PHILADELPHIA SEEN BY A VISITOR.—The editor of the Bardstown (Ky.) Gazette, being on a sojourn here, writes home to his own paper as follows, respecting Philadelphia:

"Philadelphia is just in the high tide of its spring wholesale trade, and western and southern merchants are to be met on every street, though not in so large numbers as usual, owing to the late money pressure. Most of our Kentucky merchants purchase in Philadelphia rather than in New York or Baltimore. We suppose the reason is that Philadelphia affords much better bargains than Baltimore, and boasts an honester set of business men than New York. The commercial men of this city have not their superiors anywhere for activity, integrity and honor; with a thorough knowledge of the philosophy of commerce—imbued with the noblest traits ever implanted in the human bosom—content with moderate profits on an honest trade, they are not so grasping and corrupt as their brethren of New York. Men who once trade with them are apt to trade with them again—hence the hold they have upon our Kentucky and Tennessee dealers. Philadelphia has been put down in the census as the second city in the Union. In point of population it is the second, (the inhabitants numbering some six hundred thousand,) but in many essential points it is the first. For literary culture, professional eminence, and commercial probity, it has no superior."

FROM UTAH.—By way of California, we have news from Utah up to the middle of February. Matters look very belligerent, and the aspect of affairs has an ominous appearance. The Mormons are making preparations for the spring campaign, and in no way disposed, judging from the harangues of the leaders, to submit to the United States.

A report, on reliable authority, has it that Brigham Young had furnished passports to eight hundred and forty disaffected Mormons, who had set out for California. The mail carrier who arrived at Los Angeles a fortnight since met them four hundred miles from San Bernardino, as they were hurrying through. About the 10th of January an order was issued by the church that the people should have boxes made to contain about 150 pounds, to pack their grain in them, and bring them to the Elders, who would take charge of them, and "cache" them in the mountains.

Another order was issued that a company of 1,000 men should hold themselves in readiness to go into the mountains on the 17th of February, and cut off supplies coming to the army.

In the meantime, forty wagons loaded with supplies had reached Col. Johnston's command from Fort Laramie. The army was in good health, had plenty of provisions and good tents, and was engaged in rebuilding Fort Bridger.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cincinnati Inquirer, writing from Camp Scott, Utah, says, on examining the wagons of the contractors for freight for the army, there were found one thousand pounds of powder and other merchandize intended for the Mormons, and directed to an agent of the Mormon church. The powder was carried across the plains at the expense of the United States government for its enemies, and in the trains which were employed to carry provisions to the army which the government has sent out to put down the Mormon rebellion.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—PUBLIC WORKS AT PARIS—DECLINE IN COTTON, &c.

The Africa, at New York on the 16th, brings three days later news.

The Atlantic Telegraph Cable was being taken on board the Niagara and Agamemnon very rapidly, and it was expected that the work will be finished about the 10th of May. Some deep sea experiments will be made before the final attempt. The paddle steamer, Gorgon, has been ordered to attend the Agamemnon. Capt. Preedy, commands the Agamemnon.

It is intended that the two vessels which are to be completely ready by the end of May, shall, before commencing to lay the cable, proceed to sea, and in the deep water about 3,000 miles from the Irish coast, rehearse a series of experiments in paying out and in hauling in, and put to a practical test several suggestions and appliances that have been proposed by various ingenious persons. The two ships will then return to England and report progress; and, should the experiments show that improvement or alteration is desirable, there will be time to get it effected so as to enable the expedition to make their final start at the most favorable time of the year.

On St. Patrick's day a row took place at the Irish College in Paris. The police had to interfere.

The London Times of April 2nd has a leader on the Mormon difficulties, in which, after some common-places, it remarks that the Mormons must support a desperate struggle, or acquiesce in the reform of their institutions, or accept the alternative of seeking a refuge beyond the dominions of the United States. It concludes in the following language:

"We certainly cannot desire their presence within the British territory, and a recent speech, comparing their present condition with 'British colonial bondage,' makes us hope that Queen Victoria's empire will not be favored with a new race of polygamists. They may, however, migrate into the Mexican territory, drive out the Indians, and set up their sensual theocracy in the place of native superstitions. But this will only defer the day of the inevitable struggle. The tide of American settlement will follow them, and Brigham Young or his successors, will be threatened with extirpation by a new generation of citizens. Our only hope is, that the Mormon body will, under the pressure of necessity, overthrow their priests and prophets, and accept the merely human nominees of Mr. Buchanan. Mormonism is said to have already undergone some changes. The book written on the golden plates is falling into disrepute, and the Bible is being restored to its old supremacy. Why should not the doctrine of Divine communication through Brigham Young, and the practice of polygamy also pass away? If that were the case then Mormonism would be as harmless as the creed of the Shakers or the Southcottians. If the citizens of Utah will anticipate the resolve of the United States, and dethrone their prophets, and if they will give guarantees for a more moral course of life, they may still be left in possession of the regions which it is said they have won from the wilderness, with almost unexampled industry and perseverance."

The French Minister to Switzerland had again insisted on having French Consuls at Chaux-de-Fond and Basle.

A reduction of the French army was contemplated, owing to the finances.

Pelissier will go to London on the 12th of April. Seven Crimean Generals will accompany him, to be presented to the Queen.

The Municipality of Paris was about to commence a series of public improvements, at a cost of nearly one hundred and sixty millions of francs. The Government will contribute sixty millions towards the fund.

It is rumored that the steamer Leviathan is for sale in an incomplete state.

A new secret society, called the Icareans, had been discovered at Troyes. Eight of its chiefs were sentenced to a fine and imprisonment.

A Vienna letter says that the Emperor of Austria had asked an explanation of Walewski with reference to the publication of the parts of the correspondence of Napoleon the First in the Moniteur.

The relations between France and Switzerland continue unsatisfactory, and were giving rise to some uneasiness.

The Paris Bourse had lost its buoyancy, and prices were daily declining.

Spain is sending reinforcements to the fleet in the Gulf of Mexico.

New measures for public safety are being organized at Madrid.

The Bank of Holland has reduced its rate of discount to 3½ per cent.

It was said that the Sultan of Turkey had rejected the demand of France for the authorizing of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez.

There have been some serious disturbances in Bosnia, owing to conflicts between the Greeks and Roman Catholics. The Pacha of Brocsa has ordered the expulsion of all contumacious Greeks within two months.

There is a great deal of distress in Lombardy, owing to the recent bad crops and heavy taxation.

The merchants of Milan complain that there is no business whatever doing. People are waiting with anxiety the arrival of the period, not yet very near at hand, when an opinion can be formed of the nature of this year's silk harvest.

FRANCE.—*Religious Persecution.*—The Police Court of Ruffec has sentenced M. Auguste Bonifas to imprisonment for two months and a fine of 20 francs for having on the 24th and 31st of January, and the 8th and 21st of February last, held an evangelical meeting, composed of more than twenty persons, in an outhouse attached to his dwelling, the said meeting being contrary to law. Pierre Laidet was sentenced to imprisonment for eight days and a fine of 100 francs, and Adolphe Siefferman, Jean Geoffrion, Jean Salles, Jean Ramade, and Jaques Pantet to pay a fine of 100 francs for being present at the above mentioned meetings.

The sum of 60,000,000 francs, accorded with some difficulty by the government for the embellishment of Paris, is on the ground of the improvement being as much with a view to strategy as mere ornament.

Accounts have been received from Constantinople to the 21st. The Russian troops have thrice attacked the Circassians, but each time unsuccessfully. The Russians lost 1,000 men in the three assaults.

The regal state already assumed by Marshal Castellane at Lyons, Bosquet at Toulouse, Baraguay at Tours, and Canrobert at Nancy, has filled the peasantry with inflated ideas of the power of the army, and its superiority over all other branches of the service. They have gazed with awe and wonderment at the trappings and caparisons, and clanging sabres, of the gorgeous escort which have surrounded these Bolingbrokes as they have ridden triumphantly into their respective vice-royalties.

ITALY.—The slumbering elements of disaffection are seen and heard occasionally. At Padua 800 students made a demonstration of sympathy for Orsini; and a similar incident is reported from Pavia. At the Felice Theatre, in Venice, an Austrian lady, who is married to an Italian nobleman, having attracted the attention of the spectators in the pit, planted an Austrian cockade in her hair. This offensive display excited the indignation of the audience to such an extent that she was obliged to leave the house, and to be escorted home by a number of military friends.

It is announced from Vienna that insurrectionary movements have taken place among the students of the University of Padua and among the scholars of the Academy of Milan, both of these establishments having, in consequence, been shut up by the Austrian government.

A letter from Turin, in the *Courrier des Alpes*, says that the political refugees, after having circulated thousands of copies of Orsini's portrait and biography, have published a second edition of his political memoirs, in which hatred of Napoleon III is preached up without disguise; and in which his death is alluded to as the only means for salvation to Italy.

The *Journal of the Two Sicilies* of the 19th of March states, that shocks of earthquake continue to devastate the principato citeriore, and that Capri and Cassaletto in particular have suffered from them.

RUSSIA.—The superior officers of the army who possess estates to which serfs are attached have been specially granted by the Emperor leave of absence for two months, to enable them to take part in the deliberations of the committees of noblesse on the question of emancipation.

The news from St. Petersburg is calculated to produce the impression that Russia has at present so much to do at home that she has neither the time nor the will to meddle much in foreign affairs. The Emperor meets with secret opposition to his great plan for the abolition of serfdom.

According to a St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette*, great discontent prevails in the military world. The reduction of the army has been so great that not more than half as many officers are now employed as were in service during the war. Now, officers on half-pay are apathetic grumblers, and the Russians form no exception to the rule. A great many generals of brigade have been put on the half-pay list, and as their allowance is exceedingly small, they have been obliged to apply to the Russian government for some civil employment.

Le Nord says that the advices from the interior are very satisfactory. The government follows up with perseverance its design with regard to the emancipation of the serfs. Even men of retrograde views begin to regard it as an object already morally accomplished. The question is freely discussed in the journals, and it is manifest that public opinion is now a powerful element in Russia. The two capitals of St. Petersburg and Moscow, although 200 leagues distant from each other, are perfectly in unison on recent measures of the government.

SWITZERLAND.—Private letters received in Paris state that two of the Swiss cantons persist in refusing to receive the new French consuls charged to carry into effect the passport system and to watch over the conduct of the refugees.

The Federal Council of Berne has directed its representative at Paris to make known to the French government the feeling of reprobation which the new measures relative to passports have produced in Switzerland.

M. Kern, the Minister to Switzerland at the court of the Tuileries, declared to the Federal Council that France persists in requiring from Switzerland the establishment of consuls at Basle and another frontier town, for the purpose of carrying into effect the passport system, and that the consuls of Switzerland in France will be deprived of their exequatur if the demand of the French government is not conceded.

MARKETS.—Liverpool, April 3.—The sales of Cotton for the week had been 50,000 bales, including 6500 to speculators, and 8500 to exporters. There has been a decline of ⅛d on inferior, and ⅛d on middling qualities. Fair grades are unchanged.

The Cotton market closed dull; holders offer freely, but show no disposition to press sales. The market closed on the 1st, and will be reopened on the 5th. The Manchester advices continue unfavorable.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET, April 2.—Richardson, Spence & Co.'s circular quotes the market dull, with no public sales since the sailing of the City of Washington.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET, April 2.—Provisions generally dull. Beef dull, but steady; Pork steady; Bacon dull; prices easier, but unchanged. Lard firm, at an advance of 1s, the quotations are 50s@52s.

LIVERPOOL PRODUCE MARKET, April 2.—Rosin steady at 4s 3d@4s 6d. Sugar dull, at a decline of 6d. Coffee dull, with a decline for inferior qualities; other qualities are easier, but quotations unchanged. Spirits of Turpentine firm at 44s. Carolina Rice heavy.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—The bullion in the bank has decreased £105,000. American securities dull.

Iron—Welsh rails steady at £6 x6 5s, Welsh bars also steady at £6.

☞ The *North American* tells of an old colored man in the interior, who went out one day to catch catfish. After taking two or three small-fry, he hooked a fine pike. Some gentlemen who were fishing near him, were about to offer their congratulations at his success.—Before they could do so, however, the darkey had detached the quivering beauty from his hook, and flung him again into the water.—"Why, what under the sun did you do that for?" he was asked. "Why, marster," was the reply, "I come a cattin', an' when I goes a cattin' I wants catfish, not pike." This, it thinks, is much the case with persons seeking employment—they are not willing to take whatever offers itself.

☞ Purpose is the edge and point of character; it is the superscription on the letter of talent. Character without it, is blunt and torpid; genius without it, is bullion, splendid and uncirculating.

☞ A BITTER BAD FRUIT.—A patriotic Irishman, expatiating eloquently upon the Lodge disturbances that are so repeatedly taking place in his country, exclaimed wildly, "By Jove, sir, you may call the Orange the Apple of Discord of Ireland."—*Punch.*

☞ REAL CAPITAL.—The best capital to begin life with, is a capital wife.

☞ FOX had a great respect for the genius of his rival, Pitt. He used to say, "I never want a word, but he never wants *the* word."

☞ Certainly no beings ever yet lived the life nature intended them to live, nor had fair play for heart and mind, who contrived by hook or by crook—to marry the wrong person!—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

"'Tis not high power that makes a place divine,
Nor that the men from gods derive their line;
But sacred thoughts in holy bosoms stored,
Make people noble and the place adored.
—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

☞ Certainly the handsomest hair we ever saw, was of silvery whiteness, and the sweetest face had been sixty years in the family. And as for voices, of course we love the bird-like tones of the young, but then, how do they compare with the utterance of age, tremulous and low, like the murmur of a half forgotten tune?—*Chicago Journal.*

☞ He that lends an easy and credulous ear to calumny, is either a man of very ill morals, or has no more sense and understanding than a child.

☞ The last excuse for crinoline is, that the "weaker vessels" need much hooping.

☞ Sir Walter Scott once stated that he kept a lowland laird waiting for him in the library at Abbotsford, and that when he came in he found the laird deep in a book, which Sir Walter perceived to be Johnson's Dictionary. "Well, Mr. ——," said Sir Walter, "how do you like your book?" "They're very pretty stories, Sir Walter," replied the laird, "but they're unco short."

NEWS ITEMS.

ANOTHER establishment for the publication of obscene literature was broken up in New York city a few days since. Circulars, containing plates and catalogues of books, were sent all through the interior of New York State, purporting to be from the firm of Gillen & Co. A batch of letters was also captured, being from citizens of high position in the rural districts, sending orders for books.

THE editor of the San Francisco Alta newspaper states, from personal knowledge, that the gold mines in Oregon and Washington territories are fully as rich and extensive as those of California.

THERE are several German theatrical establishments in New York, where plays are given every Sunday evening. At the Stadt Theatre, in the Bowery, they go by the name of Sacred Concerts, but that is merely for disguise, as the performances are the same as on other nights.

GEN. JOHNSTON will move from his winter quarters, for Salt Lake City, upon the arrival of supplies now on their way to him, and which will reach him by the first of May. He has no doubt of his ability, with his present force, to arrest any rebellion that may exist, and in a short time after his arrival he will be reinforced by Gen. Persifer Smith, who is to command.

MR. PERRY, the Anti-Lecompton candidate for Mayor of Albany, N. Y., was elected by a majority of 140. The Council is about equally divided.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.—The Senate has passed a bill to provide for a Convention to amend the Constitution of that State, by a vote of 17 yeas to 15 nays.

WESTERNISMS.—The dialect of the West is rayther strong, and slightually hyperbolical.—One Brown, who has lately been travelling in the Occident, as far as Arkansas, says that when a man in that region desires to say that he would like a drink, he declares that if he had a glass of whiskey he would throw himself *outside* of it almighty quick. A man enumerating his family, goes a point beyond the conclusion of John Rogers's list, and says: "There is Bill, and Sal, and Sam, and Dave, and John, and Mary Ann, and the baby, and the *prospect*." That will do.—*Boston Post.*

MORNING DRUM BEAT AND EVENING PRAYER MEETINGS.—A gentleman from Ohio lately stated that, by adding his personal observations to those of a friend, he could say that, from Omaha City, Nebraska, to Washington, there was a line of prayer meetings along the whole length of the road; so that wherever a Christian traveller stopped to spend the evening, he could find a crowded prayer meeting across the entire breadth of our vast republic.

THE Kansas State Central Committee had issued a call for a State Delegate Convention to nominate officers under the Leavenworth Constitution, to be held at Topeka on the 25th inst. The sense of the people will be taken as to who shall be the U. S. Senators. The Convention to consist of 100 Delegates, apportioned among the several counties, on the basis of 21,000 votes to the State.

EDITORIAL CASUISTRY.—A Pennsylvania editor says: "Somebody brought one bottle of sour water into our office, with the request to notice it as lemon beer. If Esau was green enough to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, it does not prove that we will tell a four shilling lie for five cents."

THE Supreme Court of California has rendered a decision adverse to the interests of Colonel Fremont, in the matter of his right to the gold taken from his land in Mariposa county.

FASHION AFFECTING TRADE.—The starch manufacturers are in trouble, and despond of business success. Where, in times past, they found ready sale for their manufactures, the article is now a drug. This change is attributed to the general use of crinoline and the hoops—starch being no longer necessary to produce expansion.

AN interview is projected between the Empress of Russia and the Empress Eugenie. The Duchy of Baden is spoken of as the scene of the meeting of the illustrious ladies.

EMINENT medical men attribute the great increase among women, of neuralgia, tic-douloureux, loss of sight, and great suffering in the ear, to the absurd fashion of excessively small bonnets, which dress the neck instead of the head.

A "REVIVAL" NEEDED THERE.—The Canton (Mo.) Repository states that the Legislature of Missouri, at the session of 1856-7, passed an act instructing the "State Librarian to furnish each member of the Legislature with a copy of the Holy Bible, St. James's Revision!"

MURPHIES AT A DISCOUNT.—In Paris, Mo., potatoes are selling for 30 cents per bushel, and in Hannibal, in the same State, they sell for 20 cents per bushel. At this season last year the price ranged from $2.50 to $3 per bushel.

THE insurrection, or rather riot, of the negroes in Antigua has been put down, and peace restored. The cause of the disturbance is not mentioned. Some twenty of the rioters were either killed or wounded.

ALL the banks of this State have complied with the law requiring a resumption of specie payments on the 12th of April.

A MEMORIAL of the citizens of Carson Valley, asking its erection into a territorial government, has been transmitted to the House by the President, and referred to the Committee on Territories.

THE SUPPLIES FOR UTAH.—The Leavenworth correspondent of the *Republican*, says that Messrs. Russell, Mayer, and Waddell have received orders to start one hundred and ten trains, consisting of twenty-six wagons each, for Camp Scott. These trains will take upwards of 3,000 teamsters and 11,000 mules. A company of sappers and miners from West Point had reached the Fort.

JOSEPH WOOD, Democrat, was elected Mayor of Trenton, N. J. The whole Democratic ticket was elected, with a majority of Councilmen.

IN Rhode Island, they have a curious election law. It requires all the candidates' names for the Legislature to be printed in the same order on all the tickets, or the ticket which is not so printed is not counted. Such a rule was, probably, intended to prevent the practice of scratching, which is sometimes very convenient when an obnoxious name is upon a ticket.

THE robber of the Grafton Bank has been discovered, and the money recovered. It was one of the tellers.

THE first woolen goods factory on the Pacific coast of the United States, has recently been built and set in operation at Salem, Oregon, with four hundred and eighty spindles.

THE THREE ORATORS.—On a recent occasion Cumming, Spurgeon and Gough, all famous orators, addressed immense audiences at Brighton, Great Britain. The *Brighton Herald* says Gough took the lead in point of oratory.

AT their late municipal election Cincinnati polled 15,084 votes, St. Louis 13,236, Chicago 16,424, and Milwaukee 7,020.

THE Rev Dudley A. Tyng, of this city, recently got his arm entangled by a corn-sheller at a barn adjoining his residence, which so badly lacerated the flesh that some time will elapse before he can be considered out of danger.

THE UTAH PEACE COMMISSIONERS.—ST. LOUIS, April 16.—Captain Simpson, of the Topographical Engineers, Governor Powell, and Major McCullough, the Utah Peace Commissioners, arrived in this city yesterday.

☞ The greatest charm of books is, perhaps, that we see in them that other men have suffered what we have. Some souls we ever find who could have responded to all our agony, be it what it may. This, at least, robs misery of its loneliness.—*Arthur Helps.*

MRS. B.'S ALARMS.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Mrs. B. is my wife; and her alarms are those produced by a delusion under which she labors, that there are assassins, gnomes, vampyres, or what not in our house at night, and that it is my bounden duty to leave my bed at any hour or temperature, and to do battle with the same, in very inadequate apparel. The circumstances which attend Mrs. B.'s alarms are generally of the following kind. I am awakened by the mention of my baptismal name, in that peculiar species of whisper which has something uncanny in its very nature, besides the dismal associations which belong to it, from the fact of its being used only in melo-dramas and sick-rooms:

"*Henry, Henry, Henry!*"

How many times she has repeated this, I know not; the sound falls on my ear like the lapping of a hundred waves, or as the "Robin Crusoe, Robin Crusoe" of the parrot smote upon the ear of the terrified islander of Defoe; but at last I wake, to view, by the dim fire-light, this vision: Mrs. B. is sitting up beside me, in a listening attitude of the very intensest kind; her nightcap (one with cherry-colored ribbons, such as it can be no harm to speak about) is tucked back behind either ear; her hair—in paper—is rolled out of the way upon each side, like a banner furled: her eyes are rather wide open, and her mouth very much so; her fingers would be held up to command attention, but that she is supporting herself in a somewhat absurd manner upon her hands.

"*Henry, did you hear that?*"

"What, my love?"

"That noise. There it is again; there—*there.*"

The disturbance referred to is that caused by a mouse nibbling at the wainscot; and I venture to say so much in a tone of the deepest conviction.

"No, no, Henry; it's not the least like that; it's a file working at the bars of the pantry-window. I will stake my existence, Henry, that it is a file."

Whenever my wife makes use of this particular form of words, I know that opposition is useless. I rise, therefore, and put on my slippers and *dressing-gown*. Mrs. B. refuses to let me have the candle, because she will die of terror if she is left alone without a light. She puts the poker into my hand, and with a gentle violence is about to expel me from the chamber, when a sudden thought strikes her.

"Stop a bit, Henry," she exclaims, 'until I have looked into the cupboards and places;" which she proceeds to do most minutely, investigating even the short drawers of a foot and a half square. I am at length dismissed upon my perilous errand, and Mrs. B. locks and double-locks the door behind me with a celerity that almost catches my retreating garment. My expedition, therefore, combines all the dangers of a sally, with the additional disadvantage of having my retreat into my own fortress cut off. Thus cumbrously but ineffectually caparisoned, I perambulate the lower stories of the house in darkness, in search of that disturber of Mrs. B.'s repose, which I am well convinced, is behind the wainscot of her own apartment, and nowhere else. The pantry, I need not say, is as silent as the grave, and about as cold. The great clock in the kitchen looks spectral enough by the light of the expiring embers, but there is nothing there with life except black beetles, which crawl in countless numbers over my naked ankles. There is a noise in the cellar, such as Mrs. B. would at once identify with the suppressed converse of anticipative burglars, but which I recognize in a moment as the dripping of the small-beer cask, whose tap is troubled with a nervous disorganization of that kind. The dining-room is chill and cheerless; a ghostly arm-chair is doing the grim honors of the table to three other vacant seats, and dispensing hospitality in the shape of a mouldy orange and some biscuit, which I remember to have left in some disgust, about——. Hark! the clicking of a revolver? No; the warning of the great clock—one, two, three. * * * What a frightful noise it makes in the startled ear of night! Twelve o'clock. I left this dining-room, then, but three hours and a half ago; it certainly does not look like the same room now. The drawing-room is also far from wearing its usual snug and comfortable appearance. Could we possibly have all been sitting in the relative positions to one another which these chairs assume? Or, since we were there, has some spiritual company, with no eye for order left among them, taken advantage of the remains of our fire to hold a *reunion?* They are here even at this moment, perhaps, and their gentlemen have not yet come up from the dining-room. I shudder from head to foot, partly at the bare idea of such a thing, partly from the naked fact of my exceedingly unclosed condition. They do say that in the very passage which I have now to cross in order to get to Mrs. B. again, my great-grandfather "walks;" in compensation, I suppose, for having been prevented by gout from taking that species of exercise while he was alive. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, I think as I approach this spot; but I do not say so, for I am well-nigh speechless with the cold—yes, the cold: it is only my teeth that chatter. What a scream that was! There it comes again, and there is no doubt this time as to who is the owner of that terrified voice. Mrs. B.'s alarms have evidently taken some other direction. "Henry, Henry!" she cries, in tones of a very tolerable pitch. A lady being in the case, I fly upon the wings of domestic love along the precincts sacred to the perambulations of my great-grandfather. I arrive at my wife's chamber; the screams continue, but the door is locked.

"Open, open!" shout I. "What on earth is the matter!"

There is silence; then a man's voice—that is to say, my wife's voice in imitation of a man's—replies in tones of indignant ferocity, to convey the idea of a life-preserver being under the pillow of the speaker, and ready to his hand: "Who are you—what do you want?"

"You very silly woman," I answer; not from impoliteness, but because I find that that sort of language recovers and assures her of my identity better than any other—"why, it's I."

The door is then opened about six or seven inches, and I am admitted with all the precaution which attends the entrance of an ally into a besieged garrison.

Mrs. B., now leaning upon my shoulder, dissolves into copious tears, and points to the door communicating with my attiring-chamber.

"There's sur—sur—somebody been snoring in your dressing-room," she sobs, "all the time you were away."

This statement is a little too much for my sense of humor, and although sympathising very tenderly with poor Mrs. B., I cannot help bursting into a little roar of laughter. Laughter and fear are deadly enemies, and I can see at once that Mrs. B. is all the better for this explosion.

"Consider, my love,"—I reason—"consider the extreme improbability of a burglar or other nefarious person making such a use of the few precious hours of darkness as to go to sleep in them! Why, too, should he take a bedstead without a mattress, which I believe is the case in this particular supposition of yours, when there were feather beds unoccupied in other apartments? Moreover, would not this be a greater height of recklessness in such an individual, should he have a habit of snor—"

A slight noise in the dressing-room, occasioned by the venetian blind tapping against the window, here causes Mrs. B. to bury her head with extreme swiftness, ostrich-like, beneath the pillow, so that the peroration of my argument is lost upon her. I enter the suspected chamber—this time with a lighted candle—and find my trowsers, with the boots in them, hanging over the bedside, something after the manner of a drunken marauder, but nothing more. Neither is there anybody reposing under the shadow of my boot-tree upon the floor. All is peace there, and at sixes and sevens, as I left it upon retiring—as I had hoped—to rest.

Once more I stretch my chilled and tired limbs upon the couch; sweet sleep once more begins to woo my eyelids, when "Henry—Henry!" again dissolves the dim and half-formed dream.

"Are you *certain*, Henry, that you looked in the shower-bath? I am almost sure that I heard somebody pulling the string."

No grounds, indeed, are too insufficient, no supposition too incompatible with reason, for Mrs. B. to build her alarms upon. Sometimes, although we lodge upon the second story, she imagines that the window is being attempted; sometimes, although the register may be down, she is confident that the chimney is being used as a means of ingress.

Once, when we happened to be in London—where she feels, however, a good deal safer than in the country—we had a real alarm, and Mrs. B., since I was suffering from a quinsy—contracted mainly by my being sent about the house o' nights in the usual scanty drapery—had to be sworn in as her own special constable.

"Henry, Henry!" she whispered, upon this occasion, "there's a dreadful cat in the room."

"Pooh, pooh!" I gasped; "it's only in the street. I've heard the wretches. Perhaps they are on the tiles."

"No, Henry. There, I don't want you to talk, since it makes you cough; only listen to me. What am I to do, Henry? I'll stake my existence that there's a——. Ugh! What's that?"

And, indeed, some heavy body did there and then jump upon our bed, and off again, at my wife's interjection, with extreme agility. I thought Mrs. B. would have had a fit, but she hadn't. She told me, dear soul! upon no account to venture into the cold with my bad throat. She would turn out the beast herself, single-handed. We arranged that she was to take hold of my fingers, and retain them, until she reached the fireplace, where she would find a shovel or other offensive weapon fit for the occasion. During the progress of this expedition, however, so terrible a caterwauling broke forth, as it seemed, from the immediate neighborhood of the fender, that my disconcerted helpmate made a most precipitate retreat. She managed, after this mishap, to procure a light, and by a circuitous route, constructed of tables and chairs, to avoid stepping upon the floor, Mrs. B. obtained the desired weapon. It was then much better than a play to behold that heroic woman defying grimalkin from her eminence, and to listen to the changeful dialogue which ensued between herself and that far from dumb, though inarticulately speaking animal.

"Puss, puss, pussy—poor pussy."

"Miau, miau, miau," was the linked shrillness, long drawn out, of the feline reply.

"Poor old puss, then, was it ill? *Puss, puss.* Henry, the horrid beast is going to fly at me.—Whist, whist, cat."

"Ps-s-s-s, ps-s-s-s, miau; ps-s-s-s-s-s-s-s," replied the other, in a voice like fat in the fire.

"My dear love," cried I, almost suffocated with a combination of laughter and quinsy, "you have never opened the door; where is the poor thing to run to?"

Mrs. B. had all this time been exciting the bewildered animal to frenzy by her conversation and shovel, without giving it the opportunity of escape which, as soon as offered, it took advantage of with an expression of savage impatience partaking very closely, indeed, of the character of an oath.

This is, however, the sole instance of Mrs. B.'s having ever taken it in hand to subdue her own alarms. It is I who, ever since her marriage, have done the duty, and more than the duty, of an efficient house-dog, which, before that epoch, I understand was wont to be discharged by one of her younger sisters. Not seldom, in these involuntary rounds of mine, I have become myself the cause of alarm or inconvenience to others. Our little foot-page, with a courage beyond his years, and a spirit worthy of a better cause, very nearly transfixed me with the kitchen-spit as I was trying, upon one occasion, the door of his own pantry. Upon another nocturnal occasion, I ran against a human body in the dark—that turned out to be my brother-in-law's, who was also in search of robbers—with a shock to both of our nervous systems such as they have not yet recovered from. It fell to my lot upon a third to discover one of the rural police up in our attics, where, in spite of the increased powers lately granted to the county constabulary, I could scarcely think he was entitled to be. I once presented myself, an uninvited guest, at a select morning entertainment—it was at 1.30 A. M.—given by our hired London cook to nearly a dozen of her male and female friends. No wonder that Mrs. B. had "staked her existence" that night, that she had heard the area gate "go." When I consider the extremely free and unconstrained manner in which I was received, poker and all, by that assembly, my only surprise is, that they did not signify their arrivals by double knocks at the front door.

On one memorable night, and on one only, have I found it necessary to use that formidable weapon which habit has rendered as familiar to my hand as its flower to that of the Queen of Clubs.

The gray of morning had just begun to steal into our bedchamber, when Mrs B. ejaculated with unusual vigor; "Henry, Henry, they're in the front drawing-room; and they've just knocked down the parrot-screen."

"My love," I was about to observe, "your imaginative powers have now arrived at the pitch of *clairvoyance*," when a noise from the room beneath us, as if all the fire-irons had gone off together with a bang, compelled me to acknowledge to myself at least that there was something in Mrs. B.'s alarms at last. I trod down stairs as noiselessly as I could, and in almost utter darkness. The drawing-room door was ajar, and through the crevice I could distinguish, despite the gloom, as many as three muffled figures. They were all of them in black clothing, and each wore over his face a mask of crape, fitting quite closely to his features. I had never been confronted by anything so dreadful before. Mrs. B. had cried "Wolf!" so often that I had almost ceased to believe in wolves of this description at all. Unused to personal combat, and embarrassed by the novel circumstances under which I found myself, I was standing undecided on the landing, when I caught that well-known whisper of "*Henry, Henry,*" from the upper story. The burglars caught it also. They desisted from their occupation of examining the articles of *vertu* upon the chimney piece, while their fiendish countenances relaxed into a hideous grin. One of them stole cautiously towards the door where I was standing. I heard his burglarious feet, I heard the "*Henry, Henry!*" still going on from above stairs; I heard my own heart pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat within me. It was one of those moments in which one lives a life. The head of the craped marauder was projected cautiously round the door, as if to listen. I poised my weapon, and brought it down with unerring aim upon his skull. He fell like a bullock beneath the axe; and I sped up to my bed-chamber with all the noiselessness and celerity of a bird. It was I who locked the door this time, and piled the wash-hand-stand, two band-boxes, and a chair against it with the speed of lightning.

Was Mrs. B. out of her mind with terror that at such an hour as that she should indulge in a paroxysm of mirth?

"Good heavens!" I cried, "be calm, my love; there are burglars in the house at last."

"My dear Henry," she answered, laughing so that the tears quite stood in her eyes, "I am very sorry; I tried to call you back. But when I sent you down stairs, I quite forgot that this was the morning upon which I had ordered the sweeps!"

One of those gentlemen was at that moment lying underneath with his skull fractured, and it cost me fifteen pounds to get it mended, besides the expense of a new drawing-room carpet.

It is but fair to state the primary cause to which all Mrs. B.'s alarms, and, by consequence, my own little personal inconveniences, are mainly owing. Mrs. B.'s mamma was one of the last admirers of the *Old Manor House* and *Mysteries of the Castle* school of literature, and her daughters were brought up in her own faith; that Mrs. Radcliffe was a painter of nature, as it appears on earth; and that Mr. Matthew Lewis had been let into the great secret of what was going on—as they say at St. Stephen's—"in another place." So nervous, indeed, did my respected mother-in-law contrive to make herself throughout her lifetime, by the perusal of these her favorite books, that it was rumored that she married each of her four husbands at least as much from a disinclination to be without a protector during the long watches of the night, as from any other cause. Mrs. B. herself was haunted in her earlier years with the very unpleasant notion that she was what I believe the Germans call a *doppelgänger;* that there was a duplicate of her going about the world at the same time; and that some day or other—or night—they would have a distressing meeting. And, no recover, at last they did so, and in the following manner: Her mamma was residing for a few days at Keswick, supping full of horrors in the German division of the late Mr. Southey's library every evening, and enjoying herself, doubtless, after her own peculiar fashion, when she suddenly fell ill, or thought she was failing, and sent a post-chaise, express, to fetch her daughter (Mrs. B.,) who happened to be staying at that time with some friends at Penrith. The long mountain road was then by no means a good one; and it may be easily imagined that nothing but filial duty would have induced my doppleganger to have started upon such a journey at dusk—although it was sure to be a fine moonlight night—and alone. Mrs. B., however, being warm and comfortable, went off to sleep very soon, like any boulder, nor did she wake until the chaise had skirted Ullswater, and was within a few miles of home. She had looked carefully under both seats, and even into the side-pockets of the carriage before starting, to make sure that there was no other passenger; and yet there was now a form sitting upon the opposite cushions—a female form, muffled up in much clothing, but with a face pale in the moonlight, with eyes half shut, yet with a look of haggard meaning in them, steadily fixed upon her own. It was herself! It was Mrs. B.'s double! The dreadful hour was come. The poor girl closed her eyelids to keep off the horrid sight, and tried to reason with herself upon the impossibility of the thing being really there, but in vain. She had been thoroughly awake, she was sure; the vision was not the offspring of a distempered brain, for she felt collected, and even almost calm. Venturing to steal another look at it, there it still sat, peering with half-shut eyes into her face with the same curious anxiety as before. Not even when they rumbled over Keswick stones, nor until she felt herself being lifted out in the post-boy's arms, did she trust herself to look forth again. The carriage she had just quitted was empty. "There was something sitting there, man," said she, solemnly, pointing to the vacant cushions. "Yes, miss," replied he, pointing to a huge package on the ground beside them; "I promised to bring it on for a poor man, a cabinet-maker at Pooley Bridge, and seeing you were asleep when we stopped there, I made bold to put it upon the opposite seat. I hope it did not inconvenience you, miss. It was only a looking-glass; and as I know pretty young ladies don't object to seeing themselves in looking glasses, I turned its face towards you."

TWO DARK DAYS.

I.

If the dread day that calls thee hence,
Through a red mist of fear should loom,
(Closing in deadliest night and gloom,
Long hours of aching dumb suspense)
And leave me to my lonely doom.

I think, beloved, I could see
In thy dear eyes the loving light
Glaze into vacancy and night,
And still say, "God is good to me,
And all that He decrees is right."

That watching thy slow struggling breath,
And answering each perplexed sign,
I still could pray thy prayer and mine,
And tell thee, dear, though this was death,
That God was love, and love divine.

Could hold thee in my arms, and lay
Upon my heart thy weary head,
And meet thy last smile ere it fled;
Then hear, as in a dream, one say,
"Now all is over,—she is dead."

Could smooth thy garments with fond care,
And cross thy hands upon thy breast,
And kiss thine eyelids down to rest,
And yet say no word of despair,
But, through my sobbing, It is best.

Could stifle down the gnawing pain,
And say, "We still divide our life,
She has the rest, and I the strife,
And mine the loss, and hers the gain:
My ill with bliss for her is rife."

Then turn, and the old duties take,—
Alone now,—yet with earnest will
Gathering sweet sacred traces still
To help me on, and, for thy sake,
My heart and life and soul to fill.

I think I could check vain weak tears,
And toil,—although the world's great space
Held nothing but one vacant place,
And see the dark and weary years
Lit only by a vanished grace.

And sometimes, when the day was o'er,
Call up the tender past again:
Its painful joy, its happy pain,
And live it over yet once more,
And say, "but few more years remain."

And then, when I had striven my best,
And all around would softly say,
"See how Time makes all grief decay,"
To lie down thankfully to rest,
And seek thee in eternal day.

II.

But if the day should ever rise—
It could not and it cannot be—
Yet, if the sun should ever see,
Looking upon us from his skies,
A day that took thy heart from me;

If loving thee still more and more,
And still so willing to be blind,
I should the bitter knowledge find,
That time had eaten out the core
Of love, and left the empty rind;

If the poor lifeless words, at last,
The soul gone, that was once so sweet,
Should cease my eager heart to cheat,
And crumble back into the past,
And show the whole a vain deceit;

If I should see thee turn away,
And know that prayer, and time, and pain,
Could no more thy lost love regain,
Than bid the hours of dying day
Gleam in their mid-day noon again.

If I should loose thy hand, and know
That henceforth we must dwell apart,
Since I had seen thy love depart,
And only count the hours flow
By the dull throbbing of my heart.

If I should gaze and gaze in vain
Into thy eyes so deep and clear,
And read the truth of all my fear
Half-mixed with pity for my pain,
And sorrow for the vanished year.

If not to grieve thee overmuch,
I strove to counterfeit disdain,
And weave me a new life again,
Which thy life could not mar, or touch,
And so smile down my bitter pain.

The ghost of my dead Past would rise
And mock me, and I could not dare
Look to a future of despair,
Or even to the eternal skies,
For I should still be lonely there.

All Truth, all Honor, then would seem
Vain clouds, which the first wind blew by;
All Trust, a folly doomed to die;
All Life, a useless empty dream;
All Love,—since thine had failed—a lie.

But see, thy tender smile has cast
My fear away: this thought of mine
Is treason to my Love and thine;
For Love is Life, and Death at last
Crowns it eternal and divine!

OUR INTELLECTUAL NATURE.—We suppose that we carry our moral nature to another world, why not our *intellectual nature?*—further, why not our acquirements? Is it probable that a man who has scorned here all advantages for commune with the works of God, is at once to be enlightened as if he had done his duty to the intelligence within him or about him? It may be noticed that, as far as we can discern, the same physical laws govern the most distant parts of creation as those which prevail here. Moreover, what we call Nature, or Providence, is thrifty as well as liberal—has apparently given to man no more faculty than he fully needs. May not a similar divine frugality—perhaps an essential element for the furtherance of life, and the development of energy—pervade creation?—*Arthur Helps.*

SEEKING DEATH AND FINDING WEALTH.

We heard, in Mexico, a story connected with Popocatepetl, the truth of which I will not vouch for, although everybody endeavored to assure us of it. Many years ago, a wealthy German merchant, residing in Mexico, became embarrassed in his affairs, through speculation, and, after an honorable struggle, he failed. This reverse of fortune appeared to him irreparable, no consolatory hope was to be seen on the horizon of the blank desert of his future life. He despaired. His existence had become an insupportable burthen to him, and he resolved to be rid of it. Still he shrunk from casting the disgrace of suicide on a name borne, at home, by honorable relations; so he devised a plan which would accomplish his purpose, without creating suspicion of his having had suicidal intentions. Over the crater of Popocatepetl hangs a dense cloud of sulphurous vapor, which issues in volumes from the depths of the abyss. Any near approach to the brink of the crater produces a suffocating sensation on every one who has ascended so far. A descent into the crater, therefore, was considered to be certain death. All this was well known to him, so he mentioned to his friends his intention to have a trip up the mountain, and he set out for it. On the various slopes of the mountain are some villages of the aboriginal Indians. From the last of these he took two guides, with ropes and poles, and other articles used in the ascent, and so reached the summit. Here he ordered his guides to plant two poles, crosswise on the brink of the crater, as he wished to explore the interior. In vain they tried to dissuade him. He merely told them to wait for him, and, on his signal, to haul him up; then, shutting his eyes, and compressing his mouth and nostrils, he descended by the ropes into the yawning chasm. His senses were in a whirl, his brain reeled, and the oppression on his respiratory organs made the terrors of death palpable. Still he persevered, and, clutching the rope convulsively, he continued his descent, when lo! on a sudden, all oppressiveness vanished, he felt himself to be in a pure, respirable atmosphere, and, in a few moments more, he stood on firm ground! He opened his eyes, and here he was, indeed, in another world! An immense dome of glittering yellow crystals, forming figures of infinite variety, was lit up by innumerable pale blue flames, flickering from cornices, from arabesques, and from deep recesses, or playing, in increasing and decreasing jets, on the walls of this unearthly hall, whose dome was propped by huge fluted columns of a glassy polish resembling giant bundles of reeds. For a moment our hero, stupified and astonished, doubted the evidence of his senses; for a moment he thought he had entered on another stage of his existence; that all around him was unreal, shadowy, a delusion of his whirling brain. But a dim glimpse of the distant opening above him, through which the white vapors whirled in ascending spirals, and amid which, at moments, the clear, sunlit atmosphere shone like a diamond, reminded him of the world above, and he then understood the world around him. He saw that he was in a cavern of sulphur-formation, an inexhaustible mine of sulphur crystals and *fior de Azufre:* his speculative spirit revived, for he perceived, at a glance, what immense wealth could be derived from what he saw around him. A boundless horizon of hope expanded in his heart, and, while his eyes filled with tears of gratitude to his forgiving God, he gave the signal to be hauled up. He now perceived that only very near the mouth of the crater the vapors became compressed and suffocating, and that immediately below there was an atmosphere perfectly pure and salubrious. This mine of sulphur soon yielded him an immense fortune, and he returned to his own country a rich, perhaps a better, man. This mine of sulphur is worked to this day, and appears to be exhaustless. At the brink of the crater, where the hero of our tale descended, are still to be seen the two cross posts by means of which he effected his descent, and which certainly give a color of truth to the romance, as told me.—*Anon.*

USE OF PAIN.

Sir Humphrey Davy, when a boy, with the defiant constancy of youth which had as yet suffered nothing, held the opinion that pain was no evil. He was refuted by a crab who bit his toe when he was bathing, and made him roar loud enough to be heard half a mile off. If he had maintained instead, that pain was a good, his doctrine would have been unimpeachable. Unless the whole constitution of the world were altered, our very existence depends upon our sensibility to suffering. An anecdote, which is quoted by Dr. Carpenter in his "Principles of Human Physiology," from the "Journal of a Naturalist," shows the fatal effects of a temporary suspension of this law of our nature. A drover went to sleep on a winter's evening upon the platform of a lime-kiln, with one leg resting upon the stones which had been piled up to burn through the night. That which was gentle warmth when he lay down became a consuming fire before he rose up. His foot was burnt off above the ankle, and when, roused in the morning by the man who superintended the lime-kiln, he put his stump, unconscious of his misfortune, to the ground, the extremity crumbled into fragments. Whether he had been lulled into torpor by the carbonic acid driven off from the limestone, or whatever else may have been the cause of his insensibility, he felt no pain, and through his very exemption from this lot of humanity expired a fortnight afterwards in Bristol hospital. Without the warning voice of pain, life would be a series of similar disasters.—*London Quarterly.*

☞ To Moore's line—

"Our couch shall be roses all spangled with dew,"

a sensible girl, according to Landor, replied—

"'Twould give me the rheumatics, and so it would you."

☞ The heart of man seeks for sympathy, and each of us craves a recognition of his talents and his labors. But this craving is in danger of becoming morbid, unless it be constantly kept in check by calm reflection on its vanity, or by dwelling upon the very different and *far higher motives* which should actuate us.—*Arthur Helps.*

NEW PROPERTY OF LIGHT.

SUNLIGHT SEALED UP IN A BOTTLE.

M. Niepce de St. Victor, in France, has lately made some experiments of exceeding interest, in order to determine whether bodies which have absorbed light, and which are afterwards kept in darkness for any length of time, will again give out light. He found that an engraving which had been exposed to the sun's rays, and afterwards placed in a dark box, would affect sensitive photographic paper, and produce a dark impression of the light parts. This result was not produced unless the picture had been subjected to sunlight, portions covered by a screen having no action at all. The object seemed to be saturated with light, and, the longer the action of light upon it, the more intense was the reproduction of the figure.

It was ascertained that actual contact of the colored surface with the sensitive paper is not necessary, and that the impression could be taken at a distance.

A layer of any tissue, however, interposed between the picture and the sensitive paper prevented the action. Certain English inks gave the best results. The impressions differed according to the nature of the chemical ingredients of the color. A white color reproduced the best.

M. St. Victor exposed an engraving to the light for an hour and then applied it to a white pasteboard surface, which had been kept in darkness for several days, and allowed them to remain in contact twenty-four hours. The pasteboard then transferred to sensitive paper an impression of the engraving, less clear, however, than in the previous instance.

The most wonderful experiment of all was this—a metallic tube, closed at one extremity, and lined with white paper, was placed so that the direct rays of the sun might enter the open end and be absorbed. An engraving of India paper was then laid over a sheet of sensitive paper, and the opening of the tube so applied that the light contained in it might act upon the engraving. It was found that an impression could thus be taken off by means of the light absorbed and confined within the tube. If the tube is hermetically sealed the property of radiation of the light from its internal surface is indefinitely preserved—*a ray of sunlight sealed up in a bottle.*—*Boston Traveller.*

GIRLHOOD.

A young woman at this age should remember that her special business is to fit herself for the duties of life. I would not deny to her the society of young men, when she has time for it, and a proper opportunity, but she should remember that she has nothing to do with beaux, nothing to do with thoughts of and calculations for marriage, nothing to do but become, in the noblest way, a woman. She should remember that she is too young to know her own mind, and that, as a general thing, it is not worth knowing. Girlish attachments and girlish ideas of men are the silliest things in all the world. If you don't believe it, ask your mothers. Ninety-nine times in a hundred they will tell you that they did not marry the boy they fancied before they had a right to fancy anybody. If you dream of matrimony for amusement, and for the sake of killing time, I have this to say, considering the kind of young men you fancy, you can do quite as well by hanging a hat upon a hitching post, and worshipping it through your chamber window. Besides, it is during this period of unsettled notions and readily shifting attachments that a habit of flirting and a love of it are generated.

I suppose that coquetry, in its legitimate form, is among a woman's charms, and that there is a legitimate sphere for its employment; for, except in rare natures, it is a natural thing with your sex. Nature has ordained that men shall prize most that which shall cost an effort, and while it has designed that you shall at some time give your heart and hand to a worthy man, it has also provided a way for making the prize to seeks an apparently difficult one to win. It is a simple and beautiful provision for enhancing your value in his eyes, so as to make a difficult thing of that which you know to be unspeakable easy. If you hold yourselves cheaply, and meet all advances with open willingness and gladness, the natural result will be that your lover will tire of you. I introduce this subject here, not because I wish to, but because I am compelled to, in order to explain what I have to say upon the habit and love of flirting. To become a flirt, is to metamorphose into a disgusting passion that which, by natural constitution, is a harmless and useful instinct. This instinct of coquetry, which makes a woman a thing to be won, and which I suppose all women are conscious of possessing in some degree, is not a thing to be cultivated or developed at all. It should be left to itself, unstimulated and unperverted, and if, in the formative stage of your womanhood, by initiating shallow attachments and heartlessly breaking them, or seeking to make impressions for the sake of securing attentions which are repaid by insult and negligence, you do violence to your nature, you make yourself a woman whom your own sex despise, and whom all sensible men, who do not mean to cheat you with insincerities as mean as yours, are afraid of. They will not love and they will not trust you. This instinct, then, is not a thing to be harmlessly played with; and I know of few more unhappy and disgusting sights than a girl bringing into her womanhood this passion—harmful alike to herself and others.

It spoils a girl to get the idea into her noddle that marriage is the chief end of woman, that education is but a preparation for matrimony, and that accomplishments are nothing but contrivances for catching a husband. And now, young woman, whose eye traces these lines, I ask you to decide how much of this letter belongs to you? How are you living? What is the principal subject of your thoughts? I know that I reveal some young women to themselves, and I only fear that they will find themselves so bound to their seductive thoughts and fancies—so dissipated and enervated by them—that they have not moral strength enough left to break away from them.

☞ No entertainment is so cheap as reading, and no pleasure is so lasting.—*Lady Montague.*

GROWING OLD.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Now the frost, with fingers cold,
Turns the green leaves into gold,—
Ehen! I am growing old!
Soon will shine the silvery thread
In my locks so thick and brown—
Promise of the hoary crown
Which the years are letting down
Softly, on my waiting head.

Then, whene'er I watch the play
Of the children by the way,
They will come to me and say
With sweet voices coaxing low—
While with trembling hand, I twirl
Back to rings some wind-tossed curl,—
"You were once a little girl—
Tell us of the long ago!"

Once? ay, always—if it be
To be merry, glad and free,
With a heart alternately
Wrung by pain,—by joy beguiled—
If it be to turn away
From the great world, proud and gay,
With some broken toy to play,
I shall always be a child!

If it be to raise mine eye
With a hopeful prophecy
To the rainbow in the sky
When the waves are beating wild—
Or when that withdraws its beams
And the world all dreary seems,
To live on in pleasant dreams—
I shall always be a child.

If it be to love the light,
And to follow, with my might,
Where my heart leads, wrong or right,
Though by all the world reviled—
If it be to laugh to scorn
All the pride of station born,
And at night to wish for morn,
I shall always be a child.

Yet, oh Time, attend my prayer—
Though thy cold hand blight my hair,
Touch me softly—spare, oh spare
Life's best beauty,—love and truth—
Let the withering control
Of thy years, as on they roll,
Spare the freshness of my soul,
Spare the fervor of my youth!

They are wrong who tell us age
Has in tears its heritage,—
That all through its pilgrimage
Is the Miserere sung;—
He whose heart, though oft it errs,
Tuned by Nature's ministers,
Beats in unison with hers,
Keepeth it forever young!

Cheeks have paled beneath my lips,—
Dear eyes dimmed in death's eclipse—
Loves gone down, like shattered ships,
In the ocean of the past,—
Yet I know all these and more
Wait me on the Shining Shore,
And the Angel will restore
All my heart's lost wealth at last.

Therefore, Time, although I stand
Far beyond Youth's fairy land,
All alone—the while thy hand
Scatters snow my hair among,
Let its touch be soft and light,—
Let it ripen, and not blight,—
So shall I bid Life good-night
Ere I lose its morning song!

—*Portland Transcript.*

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

It would be much too tedious a course, to delineate the features of my character at this period, by giving an account of them in particulars. To describe how they acted will be the best method of describing what they were. And yet it seems as if I could not reconcile myself to tracing my career forward to its next step, without first directing the reader's attention to the strange and misshapen mental development from which it sprung, as some sort of excuse:—large book learning, and utter ignorance of life; the most reckless hardihood when aroused into enthusiasm, existing side by side with a shyness and sheepishness so great, that I doubt whether, if any one had wanted to lead me around the town by the nose, he might not have done it by informing me of his wish somewhat apologetically; total skepticism in religion and morals, along with a vigorous matter-of-fact power of perception, that has made the progress of my mind up to this time, like the building up of some material edifice by preformed plan. Not a stone have I had to rechisel; not a column have I had to correct to a perpendicular. Thus I was often conscious of safety where many of less distinct perceptions would have been full of fears. I was, in a word, at that time a parallel to him about whom it was said—That *he never said a foolish thing, or did a wise one.*

I reached Sydney somewhat late in the afternoon, walked about three-quarters of an hour or thereabouts looking for lodgings; then as there were no bills in the windows I concluded that they did not give notice of lodging-letting in that way in Sydney; strolled on for amusement to that den on the Rocks, which I have already mentioned; got into conversation with the landlord, who presently informed me in a very friendly way (I thought) that he could make up a bed for me; and if I could put up with the company of a few sailors, who were waiting to get a ship, and one or two laboring men—first-rate fellows—he thought he could also board me for about two dollars and a-half a week. (Spanish dollars and Calcutta rupees, &c., were at that time half of the metallic currency of the country.) Of course I said—*Yes.* When the man was so very friendly, how could I think of such a thing as wounding his feelings by saying *No?*

Here then I reached my lowest point. Folly had done its worst. I could fall no lower without being deliberately dishonorable, and that I was too proud to be.

Night after night the same scenes were to be witnessed in that den of dreadful depravity, as those I have described in the foregoing chapter. Often did I sit on the little stone parapet, built along the cliff edge on the other side of the terrace street, and watch the vessels as they lay sullenly, slowly rolling to and fro their bare and lofty spars in the harbor beneath, as the flood tide and the twilight came on together; and wish that I had some holy home. I began to feel in my very heart the difference between the sacred and the sinful. As the last light of day departed, and night-prowling guilt began to bestir itself, the mean candles were kindled and distributed on the several tables. Then up would come little groups of sailors, who had been loitering on the wharf, till they saw the signal of the approaching carouse. Next the fiddler made his appearance, slow-moving, and taciturn and spiritless from the debauch of the night before. Next, demon-looking women, hard drinkers, who scarcely ate at all, whose chief sustenance was rum; and with one and another of them mere girls, who had already completed a seven years' sentence, or had run away from their "assigned service" and sought shelter on the noted "Rocks," till found by the police. When the female part of the company appeared, the sailors and 'long shore men who had, perhaps, as yet called for nothing, would immediately begin to shout their demands for rum. Presently, as the fire-water did its work, the harsh, ill toned fiddle began its outrageous scream of mirth, full of a delirious agony. Then on it went, and on and on. Whilst from time to time rushed in with precipitate tread and suspicious eyes, fierce, ill-conditioned ruffians, fresh from some act of plunder and semi-assassination. There used to be those among them whose appearance, under certain circumstances, invariably heralded a paragraph in the next morning's gazette, stating that some mate, or captain, or ordinary seaman on leave, had been knocked down at a corner of one of these abrupt, rocky streets, and left moneyless and senseless. If a captain or mate was the victim, not unfrequently a gold watch and chain were, soon after the entrance of these ruffians, passed from hand to hand among a few particular initiated ones, for examination.

"Here," I now said to myself, "are the hero-ruffians, in proper person, of whom I have been accustomed to read such thrilling tales in the poets and romancists. Here are the counterparts of Scott's Rob Roy and Byron's heroes of the pirate's isle. Yonder dance only a less refined Conrad and Medora. And when that same coarser villain is to be hung, his lady, too, will have her meaner swoon. Where is there any intrinsic difference between these and those? In this only—that these are the animal villains in all their generic harshness of features and all the repulsiveness of their real appetite and habits, whilst the others are mantled round with the ideal and the false, till their loathsomeness is concealed. No more villain heroes for me," I said; "in fiction how admirable they appear; in reality how revolting!"

I never saw more than one of them that I could tolerate myself casting a single glance of approbation on. He was certainly a noble-looking figure, and, remarkably enough, bore the proud name of Howard. He had come to the colony a sailor, been discharged from his ship with the character of a mutinous man; had tried to get a livelihood by working on the wharf, but, steadily repelled and persecuted by the merchants, had taken to dishonesty; had been convicted and sentenced to the hulk. The hulk lay moored in very deep soundings, nearly a mile from shore; he was in light irons, and all round on the outside of the hulk was built a projecting gallery, on which sentinels, with loaded pieces, walked day and night. Yet one stormy night did this daring spirit spring past the sentry, and plunge, ironed as he was, into the water, and battle his way, in spite of losing wave and howling wind and whizzing ball, to the shore. He came into the Sheer Hulk, dripping wet, and laughing all over his face, told his tale, filled his pockets with bread and meat, drank with a dozen, said he was going up the country to try to pass as a free sailor who wished to renounce the sea and learn to work on land. I am not sure whether I did not afterwards hear that, by some unexpected turn of things, he got into a gang of bushrangers, and was shot down by a party of military.

The British system of Penal Discipline at this period was a most infatuated one. Its aim seemed to be to arouse and foster all the worst sentiments of the convicts, and at the same time secure them the widest scope for action. Starvation, over-work, flogging, and the denial of everything fair in the way of trial, were ceaselessly exasperating their vindictiveness; whilst the practice of assigning them out to settlers, where they were at full liberty on the farms, neither fettered nor imprisoned, was a perpetual temptation to them to run away, and endeavor to reach some distant part of the colony, where, representing themselves as free men, they often earned money enough to return to Sydney, and bribe sea-going parties to carry them off. It is true that if detected, the penalty to them was two hundred lashes and the iron-gang, and to the individual who attempted to aid their escape, a very heavy fine; but the exploit was nevertheless very often attempted, and not unfrequently successful.

When will penal disciplinarians learn that the true method of extirpating the evil is to summon the good into existence? So long as a man has but one class of faculties, the evil, in habitual operation, to quench the action of those faculties is merely to extinguish by so much the moral agency of the man—to substitute soullessness for soul. But what is wanted is the regeneration of the soul from evil to good. Now punishment up to a given point may curb; but it has no power to stimulate in the opposite direction. Nay, inflicted beyond a given point its essential infallible effect is an aggravation of the moral malady. Punishment has no right one step beyond the spot from whence it can make the criminal hear its message—*Stop and think.* STOP AND THINK—that is the message of punishment: and when it has delivered it, its mission is at an end. And what it saith not, the culprit cannot hear from it. Well indeed is it, and quite enough, if he hear so much and veritably receive the counsel, and do as he is bidden. More he cannot do. You have made him soulless so far: not mindless, but soulless. He is thinking: he is not willing any longer; his understanding, his reasoning faculty alone, now acts. And now forward with your new motive, and awaken the soul again. If you can at first awaken it but for an instant, so that faithful memory may register what it sees for future contemplation, be assured that your work is almost done. For the divine instinct that is within the worst of us, once shown its kindred and its home, of a necessity yearns for them ever and evermore. Seize then, the instant when punishment temperate and benign has made itself heard—has awakened thought and temporarily quelled malign desire. Arouse the dormant soul and let it behold the blessed day-dawn of a land of everlasting peace. Make known to it the angels of the land—Faith, Hope, and Love. But see to it that they be the real angels and not humbugs. Remember that faith, hope, love, must have their objects and have their rights, and must be made out to be veritable and substantial existences—positive messengers bearing to a positive soul a positive good. Whenever penal disciplinarians will consent to abandon their old name as incomplete, and to adopt this new branch of their art, as, I do not say a second part, but as the very core to which the other is but as rind, they will become a far more successful order of practitioners than they have ever hitherto been.

Sometimes I heard conversations between old comrades, meeting after not having seen each other for many years. The substance of these yarns was almost invariably the incredible barbarities which had been practiced upon them in the iron-gangs and the doubly and triply penal settlements, where a "secondary" and *tertiary* quantum of punishment is added on the authority of the Justice of the Peace, for some fresh or alleged fresh offence, to the primary amount laid down in the statute under which the culprit was in the first instance indicted. Some of these extra-penal settlements must have been fearful places.

I recollect one conversation which ran almost word for word as follows:—

"Ha! Jack. Why I've never seen you since you got away from the Coal River.""

"No, Bry! But I was nigh getting two hundred lashes that time for bolting."

"We heard at the settlement that you were almost starved that trip. Some said you killed one of the Brisbane Water tribe and eat him."

"Oh! no. Don't you believe it."

"Well, some of your mob did."

"No, no."

"But I saw a man in the Twelve mile-Hollow gang as said he was one of the party. Don't you know that little, pale, pockfretten chap that was always being flogged; Welch Tom they used to call him? That was him."

"I know; but that was the party as started before us. They'd got a lot of rations laid by for the road, but the sentry that night kept such a look-out that they could not get it out of the camp, and had to start without it. Well, they were five days in the woods heading rivers—for only one of them could swim—before they made the beach; and then two or three days more before they made Brisbane Water. By that time, as far as I can hear, they were pretty well done for; almost starved. And then it was they fell in with an old black all by himself—and it was that same Welch Tom, himself, that first said to the rest that they must kill him to save their own lives, so he needn't go to try to crawl out of it, and talk as if he had nothing to do with it. As I heard it they borrowed the old fellow's tomahawk from him, pretending they wanted to cut a stick; and while he kept walking on Welch Tom got behind him and sunk the tomahawk in his head. So they got him off the beach into the brush and lit a fire, and eat what they wanted and camped there that night; and went on next morning, every man taking what he could carry:—one had an arm, another a leg. And yet for all there was only a couple of them got to Sydney. Welch Tom was one. The rest perished in the bush. I got in about three days after Tom, and we was both at the Police-Office on the same day. First came Tom, and they ordered him two hundred and the gang. Then was my turn; but old Dr. Wentworth was on the bench; and you know I had been sent to him for six weeks in harvest directly after I came into the country; and while I was there I was a great favorite with him; came from close against where he did at home. So all of a sudden, just as I thought I was going to get my dowry, up jumps the old doctor, stamping as if he was mad, and shaking his fist at me. He says—'Oh! you anointed villain—you double-dyed scoundrel;—is that you? Eh! so you've been to the Coal River, have you? How do you like that? Gentlemen,' says he, 'this is one of the most polished scamps in the Colony. I know him well. Two hundred lashes? Pooh, pooh! He'd forget all about it by to-morrow morning. I fancy I'd better have him down to my Homebush farm and see what I can do with him. Gentlemen, if you'd be so good as to defer his case till I can see the Superintendent of Convicts and try to have him assigned to me.' So it was agreed on, for none of the other magistrates dared say no when Darcy Wentworth said yes. So I was ordered to wait outside. "Ha!" says the old doctor, again shaking his fist at me as I made a bow, and was going to thank him, 'not a word out of your head, sir. I'll have your back scratched, sir, three times a week Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, sir. There—cut you go. Two hundred lashes!—two hundred lashes, gentlemen!—why that villain would care no more for it than you and I would for being—hang. Put him out, constable; put him out; and make him stay there till I can go up to the Big Barracks with him and have him assigned to me.' So there I was by that night at sundown eating and drinking the best there was in the huts at Homebush: and you heard tell how all the doctor's men live. There I stayed till I got free; and then hired to him. Never got one lash the whole five years I was with him."

Afterward they began to talk of the barbarities of the settlement at Newcastle, the last speaker listening whilst the other related how matters went on after his comrade's escape.

"I got put," he said, "into the limeburner's gang, where Red Anthony was overseer. You know what sort he was."

"Oh! I know him," said the other.

"There was about fifty of us, all in one hut down on the water side. The work was so hard on clothes that long before the time for serving out the fresh suit, lots of us hadn't a garment left. Our ration was about as bad as it could be, and so there was hardly a man but what had sold his blanket to the blacks for possum and kangaroo. Half the gang was without shirt or shoes or hat. And at night for want of a bed we had got a great heap of seaweed spread all over the floor, and used to crawl into that and pull some of it over us to keep the chill night air off the river from us. Many a time, when the lime boats came in with a late night tide, Red Anthony would rouse us up just as we were getting warm and going off into a doze, to load the boats:—and then into the water with you up to the neck; every man with one of them heavy baskets of lime on his bare shoulders; and the lime running through and slacking on his wet skin, where it was frayed with the baskets, and scalding fit to drive a fellow crazy. I've seen chaps there with their shoulders galled raw, like a horse's back under a bad saddle, for weeks and weeks together. But Red Anthony used to keep 'em to it. It was either the basket at night or the triangles in the morning:—take your choice."

"I wonder," said the other, "when they are going to hang that man that murdered the overseer on the Mountain Road?"

"I don't know. I hear he told the judge he did it on purpose to get hanged out of his misery."

"Yes. And they say there's another chap brought up from Norfolk Island, the day before yesterday for the same kind of thing: only he couldn't get a chance at the overseer; so he killed one of the other men in the gang. When they asked him why he did it, he said—'He'd made up his mind that he couldn't stand the tyranny any longer: and it was better to have a couple of months' spell in Sydney jail and be hung out of the way."

Were these, then, the realities of ruffian hero life? Were these the modes of thought of the bandit, the corsair, the freebooter, in imaginative story so picturesque, so fascinating? Yet why, I said, criticize this class of characters alone. Is not all fiction, with scarcely an exception, full of characters thus constructed? First, by attributing to them as the stamen, some quality naturally admirable, but in a proportion unnatural, never met with in ordinary life. Second, by withholding all the traits of a deteriorating sort that enter into character in ordinary life. Third, by superadding numerous other excellencies of a minor sort to an extent and amount never met with in a single individual in ordinary life. Finally, is it not almost universally the case that the story itself is a gathering together of many small probabilities into one great improbability—a bean *ideal?*

I register no argument against fiction in the abstract. Were I to attempt to do so this would not be the one I should select. I fully believe that fiction has its uses; and those very valuable ones. Respecting it, in teaching the young I should say—read fiction; but before you do so to any extent, have its limits and its uses well defined to you by some sound understanding. Then you may read in it with perfect safety: otherwise you are in danger. I pass on, therefore, merely designing to record the fact respecting myself—that a strong impression entered my mind at this period against all hero-worship, and against fiction at large. I believed that fiction had given my mind a tendency to direct itself to the beautiful more than to the real; whereas the real meets us at every step, and the beautiful lies scattered rare and far between. So that my attention irresistibly betook itself in the main to an unreal world, a profitless region; leaving the real world around where action should be performed, advance made, gain gotten. Nor was it till many years had passed, and I had become the most rigid of realists, and comprehended the nature and processes of things in this our human world with such accuracy that I could read the future almost like a prophet, that I began to relax my aversion to the ideal, and accept it as an occasional means of relaxing the mind and elevating the feelings.

Several times I asked these men—Do you think you would do any better for a good master than for a bad one; better if well treated than if kept, as you call it, with your "nose to the grindstone?" The answer was always the same in purport, when the habitual thoughtlessness of the caste did not operate to prevent them speaking seriously. "Who would not do better for a man he liked than a man he hated? The man that would not, must be a fool." Now, such a view of the point put before them, seems to me to indicate a condition of the reflective faculty not utterly perverted or decayed. And I maintain that, whilst that faculty remains in any soul not utterly perverted and decayed, there remains also a possibility of that soul's conversion from the evil to the good. At the time I asked the question, it was merely an act of curiosity; my conclusion respecting the state of mind indicated, is of course an entirely subsequent one.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* Property Hunker's River at Newcastle. Extra-penal Settlement, on the coast 80 miles north of Sydney.

PROLIXITY IN LITERATURE.—Which of all defects has been the one most fatal to a good style? *The not knowing when to come to an end.* Take some inferior writer's works; dismiss nearly all the adjectives; when he uses many substantives, either in juxtaposition, or in some dependence on each other, reduce him to one. Do the same thing with the verbs; finally, omit all the adverbs; and you will, perhaps, find out that this writer had something to say, which you might never have discovered, if you had not removed the superfluous words. Indeed, in thinking of the kind of writing that is needed, I am reminded of a stanza in a wild Arab song, which runs thus:—

"Terribly he rode alone
With his Yemen sword for aid;
Ornament it carried none,
But the notches on the blade."

So in the best writing, only that is *ornament which shows some service done, which has some dint of thought about it.*—*Arthur Helps.*

☞ Either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore, let them take heed of their companies.—*Lord Bacon.*

DANGER OF WEARING

"WIDE-AWAKES" IN AUSTRIA.

Stories innumerable might be collected of ludicrous encounters between travellers and the Continental police, especially that of Austria. The broad brims of wide-awakes have repeatedly afforded a spacious battle-field for these two antagonistic classes of society. A friend of mine journeyed in one of those revolutionary head dresses from Florence to Vienna without molestation; but it was not permitted that he should brave the Austrian eagle in its nest with impunity, and that watchful fowl made a triumphant peck at him when he least expected it. Taken into custody in the street by a spy in citizen costume, aided by a couple of soldiers, he was marched to a police-office, with the proof of his political turpitude on his devoted head. The chief of the office got into a fearful rage at the sight of him—not so much because of the hat, as because it was late, and dinner was waiting. They were about to secure the government for one night against the seditious broad-brim by locking it up, and locking its owner up with it, when a friend, who had witnessed the capture, arrived with a *salut de place* from the hotel just in time to make explanations, and save our countryman from repenting of wide-awakes in the night watches of an Austrian prison.

"It was all a mistake, then?" asked the officer.

"Oh! quite a mistake."

"You had no evil intentions in wearing a broad-brimmed hat?"

"None at all; not an intention in the world."

"Well, go then. But buy another hat. Do not be seen again in the streets with such a hat as this, or the consequences may be very serious."

My friend bought a steeple-crown before breakfast the next morning, and thus, for a second time, was the Austrian empire saved from destruction.

A farce on the same subject as the above was played at Milan, partly in my own presence. Presenting my passport at the police-office of that city, I met an English acquaintance, a capital fellow, named Budd, who, with a look of brazen impenitence, was receiving an admonition concerning the radical character of his hat.

"Good-morning, Signor Budd," said the officer from behind his desk, leaning forward, and looking searchingly, though civilly, into the broad, handsome, good-humored, but determined face which confronted him. "We sent for you, Signor, to speak to you about your hat—the one you have in your hand at this moment."

"It is worthy of the honor," said Budd; "it is a good hat." And he held up the battered, dusky-white broad-brim with an air of affectionate admiration.

"Precisely, Signor; very useful, I have no doubt. But it may bring you into trouble. You are aware, doubtless, that its form and color are both unusual; you are aware that hats of that species have been the badge of a certain disorderly and treasonable party. You have also a full, long beard, which is equally a badge of the said party. The whole marks you as singular, and attracts an unpleasant degree of popular notice."

"But," responded Budd, "I am not an Italian. I have nothing to do with Italian politics. I wear such a hat and beard as suit my style of beauty and my notions of convenience."

"Exactly, Signor. You have nothing to do with politics; we know it well. We know of your tastes and all your haunts. You went into the country yesterday. You were at the *Café delle Colonne* the evening before. You were at the house of Signora Bellina the evening before that. You have been watched ever since you reached Milan, and we could tell you where you have been, and what you have done, on every single day. We now know that you are not a dangerous individual, and we wish to persuade you to avoid the appearance of being such. We have no intentions against your beard, Signor; you are welcome to keep it.—But we would counsel you to discontinue wearing that hat; it would be so easy to lay it aside, and might save you so much trouble."

"Very well," said Budd; "but, if I am to change my dress at the suggestion of the Government, I want some particular directions as to the new style which I am to adopt. Just give me a written order specifying the kind of hat which I am to wear, and I am ready to obey it. But I must have the order. I want to send to England; it shall be published in *Punch* or the *Times*. I could get five pounds for such a paper in England."

The officer was nettled, and looked angrily at the row of white teeth which glittered maliciously through Budd's black mustaches. Controlling his temper, however, he went on with his admonition, although not in quite so composedly gracious a tone as before. "Signor, we cannot give you such an order; it would be absurd. We leave the matter to your own sense of propriety and your prudence. But what we specially complain of is not so much the hat itself, as your manner of wearing it. You wear it turned up, and turned down; and twisted, and cocked, in a style which attracts a great deal of attention, and is particularly obnoxious."

"Oh! I wear it according to circumstances," said Budd. "I will explain all that to you, (sticking it on his head.) Now, when the sun is on my right, I turn it down so, (hauling the right brim down;) and when the sun is on my left, I turn it down so, (a haul at the left brim;) and when I want to take a general view of the country, I turn it up all around, (brim cocked up throughout its entire circumference;) and when the wind blows, I slap it down on the top for safety, (a smart pat on the yielding crown.) But just give me an order how I shall wear my hat. It would be better than the other. The *Times* would give me twenty pounds for such a document as that."

"Signor," said the officer, losing all patience, and beginning to stammer, "you will find, perhaps, that this is no jesting matter. You had better consider it seriously, and answer us seriously. We are advising you what is for your own good, and what may save you a great deal of annoyance. Think of it again, and see if you do not come to our opinion."

In short, they had a long, and, in part, a rather stormy discussion, some of which I heard, while the rest Budd related to me afterward. In the end, he had the moderation to take the officer's advice, and lay aside his wide-awake while he remained on Austrian territory. —*De Forest's "European Acquaintance."*

A GLIMPSE OF SHELLEY.

FROM TRELAWNY'S "RECOLLECTIONS OF SHELLEY AND BYRON."

It was at the Tre Palazzi, on the Lung "Arno Pisa," that Mr. Trelawny first saw Shelley.

On first visiting the dwelling of the poet, Mr. Trelawny was received by Mrs. Williams, the wife of the gentleman who was drowned with Shelley. It was dusk, and, looking through the open door of the room, the visitor saw a pair of glittering eyes steadily fixed on his own. Going to the door, Mrs. Williams said, laughingly, "Come in, Shelley: it is only our friend Tre, just arrived." Instantly afterwards the poet glided in, "blushing like a girl," and holding out both his hands. He had the appearance of a tall, thin stripling, and "was habited like a boy, in a black jacket and trowsers, which he seemed to have outgrown." He had a book with him, and Mrs. Williams asked what it was. He said with a brightening face. "Calderon's *Magico Prodigioso;* I am translating some passages in it." Being asked to read a few of them, he, instead of doing so, made an extempore rendering of various parts, turning the one language into the other with marvellous ease and rapidity, analyzing the genius of the author with subtle power, and interpreting those portions of the story which he did not read. Abruptly ceasing, he suddenly vanished; for Mr. Trelawny, looking up from the rapt abstraction into which he had been thrown, found that the enchanter was no longer in his presence. "Where is he?" he asked. Mrs. Williams rejoined, "Who? Shelley? Oh, he comes and goes like a spirit, no one knows when or where." Presently, he returned with his wife, who asked eagerly for the last fashionable news from London and Paris. Mrs. Shelley, indeed, though a woman of faculty, and of a sensitive nature, loved society as much as her husband abhorred it, and this diversity of taste was sometimes embarrassing to both. Shelley, as Mr. Trelawny relates, said one day, with a rueful expression of face, "Mary" (his wife) "has threatened me." He was asked, in some surprise, "With what?" "Mary says she will have a party," he replied. "Oh, the horror! It will kill me!" Mr. Williams undertook to obtain, if possible, a reversal of this sentence; but he could only procure a commutation. The party was simply to include old friends, instead of strangers, as first of all proposed. One morning, Mr. Trelawny discovered the poet in a dreamy trance beside a dark pool of water in the heart of a black pine forest. He was told that his wife had been looking about for him disconsolately, unable to bear her solitude any longer. On this, he hastily snatched up his books and papers and departed, exclaiming, with a sigh, "Poor Mary! hers is a sad fate. She can't bear solitude, nor I society—the quick coupled with the dead!" They soon met with the lady, "her clear, gray eyes and thoughtful brow expressing the love she could not speak. To stop Shelley's self-reproaches, or to hide her own emotions, she began, in a bantering tone, chiding and coaxing him."

For some few months, Mr. Trelawny was in constant intercourse with Shelley, and he has given a delightful picture of the poet's character and habits—his sweet, self sacrificing disposition, his purity, his tendency to believe in whatever is exalted and ennobling, his devotion to study, his wild outbursts of spirits, alternating with deep despondency, his shyness with strangers, his childlike contentment with simple pleasure; his light, seraphic movements and inspired face, and his passionate love of the water, and the trees, and the flowers, and the mountains, and the glorious shows and changes of the elements in the bright country of his adoption. The building of the boat Don Juan ("that fatal and perfidious barque" in which, like another Lycidas, he perished,) was a source of keen delight to him, but, unfortunately, the vessel was constructed on a model which Mr. Williams had taken a fancy to, but of which better judges did not think so highly. Some English sailors who went out in her on a trial, reported "that she was a ticklish boat to manage;" perhaps, had she been less so, Shelley might still have been alive.

SPLENDID MISERY.—The French millionaire Beaujon founded the Elysée Bourbon, and the fame of his magnificence was such that an Englishman, jealous of his reputation, was determined to satisfy himself of the fact.

He was shown into the dining-room: the table was covered with tempting dishes.

"Your master lives well, at all events," said the skeptical son of Albion.

"Alas! sir," the attendant replied, "my master never sits down to table, he partakes of only one dish of vegetables."

"Well, he has wherewithal to gratify his eyes," continued the visitor, as he looked up at the pictures.

"Alas! sir, my master is nearly blind."

"I suppose," muttered the astounded Englishman, as he passed into another room, "he comforts himself by listening to beautiful music?"

"Alas! sir, my master has never heard that which is played here, he goes to bed early in the hope of getting a few moments' repose."

"Well, but your master at all events enjoys the pleasure of a walk?"

"Alas! sir, he can no longer walk."

So from question to question, and alas to alas, the Englishman found that the millionaire Beaujon was the most miserable of men.

☞ When Socrates, about to drink the hemlock, was conversing cheerfully of death and life, his anxious friend inquired how they should bury him. "Anyhow you please," replied Socrates,—"if you can catch me!" Socrates could not be put into a tomb; no one could by any means lay hands upon the man, after the transition we call death. It is the certainty of this truth that deprives the death-bed of its terrors.

CONGRESSIONAL.

PACIFIC RAILROAD BILL.

APPOINTMENT OF COMMITTEES OF CONFERENCE ON THE KANSAS BILL.

SENATE.

On the 12th, a message from the House was received announcing its adherence to the amended Kansas bill, and also the passage of the Deficiency bill.

The Senate adjourned to attend Mr. Benton's funeral

On the 13th, at 1 o'clock, Mr. Green, of Missouri, without preface, moved that as the House had disagreed to the Kansas bill, the Senate should insist on a committee of conference, in lieu of resolving to adhere?

Mr. Green read an instance from parliamentary practice, showing that it was legitimate to insist. To meet the case, however, he would make two motions—first, to insist; second, to ask a conference.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, spoke in favor of courtesy between the two Houses; and, considering the great consequences dependent upon this matter, the Senate should go to the extreme verge of parliamentary courtesy to admit the State of Kansas harmoniously.

Mr. Brown of Mississippi, said on a matter of great national interest, Senators should not act on their own personal impulses. The House was not quite respectful to the Senate, but he would assent to ask the conference.

The yeas and nays were then taken on Mr. Green's motion, and it was carried—yeas 30, nays 24:

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Bayard, Benjamin, Briggs, Bigler, Bright, Brown, Clay, Evans, Pitch, Fitzpatrick, Green, Gwin, Hammond, Henderson, Houston, Hunter, Iverson, Jones, Johnson, Tenn., Johnson, Ark., Kennedy, Mallory, Mason, Polk, Sebastian, Slidell, Thompson, N. J., Toombs, and Wright—30.

Nays—Messrs Bell, Broderick, Cameron, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Crittenden, Dixon, Doolittle, Douglas, Fessenden, Foot, Foster, Hale, Hamlin, Harlan, King, Seward, Simmons, Stuart, Sumner, Trumbull, Wade, Wilson—24

Absent—Messrs. Bates, Davis, Durkee, Pearce, Pugh, Reid, Thompson, Ky., and Yulee.

The committee was then appointed, consisting of Messrs Green of Missouri, Hunter of Virginia, and Seward of New York.

On motion of Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, the Senate took up the bill for constructing a telegraph line to the army in Utah. He submitted amendments modifying the bill, so as to make it more acceptable.

Messrs. Wilson, Broderick, (Cal.,) Doolittle, (Wis.,) Douglas, (Ill.,) and Cameron (Pa.,) spoke in favor of the bill, and Messrs. Iverson, (Geo.,) Hunter, (Va.,) Johnson, (Ark.,) Fessenden, (Me.,) and Hale, (N. H.,) opposed it.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, in urging the passage, made some severe comparisons with the Atlantic Telegraph Line, calling the latter a scheme of plunder.

Mr. Iverson, moved that it be postponed till December next, which was carried—yeas 28, nays 17.

On the 14th, the Chair presented a memorial from the Legislature of Utah, setting forth their grievances in a semi-defiant style. Laid on the table—yeas 32, nays 13.

Mr. Gwin of California, presented the resolutions adopted by the Legislature of California, for the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution.

Mr Broderick of California, referring to the resolutions, said they did not represent the sentiments of the people of California.

The resolutions were, on motion, referred.

Mr. Gwin's (of California,) Pacific Railroad bill was taken up.

Mr. Green of Missouri, moved an amendment to section one, to strike out the words fixing the eastern terminus at "a point on the Missouri river, between the mouths of the Big Sioux and Kansas rivers," and insert the words, "at the mouth of the Kansas river." He said that point would be equally desirable for the North and the South.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, was willing to have the contractors to select their route between the mouth of the Platte and Sioux. Hence it was better to have the bill as it stands.

Mr. Jones, of Iowa, said his opinion was, that the mouth of the Big Sioux is the place, if any point be named. It is the same parallel with Cleveland, Buffalo and Boston. But he did not believe in legislating for localities. He should leave it to the contractors.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, said this Pacific project would be a more fruitful source of party discord than the United States Bank. He was in favor of one, two or three railroads to the Pacific, and would aid actually existing companies by grants of public lands and mail contracts, but not call companies into existence by special legislation

Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, made a long speech on the general question, preliminary to offering amendments. Congress, he contended, may constitutionally aid, by public lands and mail contracts; but had no power to build the road. Although in favor of the general principles of the bill, he could not give it his support, because it locates the road where it will be controlled by a net work of northern lines, and would empty its fruits into the lap of the North, the South having but little interest therein. The southern thirty-second parallel route was shorter, while the munificent grants of the State of Texas would ensure its completion by private enterprise to the Rio Grande, and from thence it is but 670 miles to the Pacific. The thirty-fifth parallel route is, perhaps, the cheapest, shortest, and best, but either are practicable, and preferable to any northern route. He was, therefore, in favor of two routes. Let the North take one and the South the other. Let each have mail contracts for their respective localities, and divide the advantages offered by Mr. Gwin's bill, say twelve and a half millions each, as the road progresses. He moved amendments to that effect.

Mr. Seward, of New York, said the time had long since gone by when it was necessary to discuss the necessity or feasibility of a railroad to the Pacific, excepting to a very small portion of Congress, who believe it to be impossible. The majority of the people know that there are three, four, or five routes that offer the requisite facilities for the extension of this great object, but when they have settled that, they have only reached the most difficult stage of the question, and may find it the most difficult thing in the world to obtain the assent of Congress as to how and when the route shall be selected, and how the road is to be paid for. The northerners require, and reasonably so, that they may have it within their borders, while the representatives of the South demand the same. Hence, though all agree for the line, they cannot agree for the route. He was himself placed in a peculiar position. While himself in favor of an extreme northern route, yet, from the urgency of the case, he is prepared to agree to any that obtains the majority of Congress. The committee had already submitted to sacrifices of opinion, of local prejudices, and almost of judgment in framing such a bill as would secure a hundred and fifty votes in both Houses. All the history of the commerce of the Pacific, all the speculations as to the course of commerce between this continent and the East, indicate San Francisco as the commercial entrepot of the Pacific, and for this century, and possibly, for centuries to come, the great entrepot on the Atlantic is New York. Make the railroad, therefore, on any parallel you will, the passengers and traffic over it must be delivered, sooner or later, at the port of New York. The bulk of the population, trade and commerce of the United States, is in the northern portion of the Union, and the committee have selected a point on the western frontier, between the Sioux and Kansas rivers, to concentrate the Atlantic railroads, radiating to the Mississippi. It might have been more in accordance with their wishes, to select a route between the termini, but objections being made, they had concluded to allow the President to select a contract for a route most eligible from the Sioux river to San Francisco, reference being had to economy, eligibility, and feasibility, the three essential elements. He would say that, if the construction is to be authorized by Congress this session, gentlemen would have to sacrifice some prejudices and some distrust, and if they do not begin soon, it will be too late. Without proper communications, it will be just as impossible for the federal government to maintain control over the Pacific States, as it would be to maintain control over part of Europe. And even less, for the mail to the Pacific is three weeks to the ferry, and to Europe only twelve days These Pacific possessions of ours loom up with a rapidity that our history, and the history of the world does not equal. They must either be our equals, or not of us. Every day the railroad is delayed, is a day of danger to the United States. Had there been a railroad six years ago he believed there would have been less confusion in the affairs of Kansas, and been no superstitious sect in the recesses of the Rocky Mountains. He believed that it is only by railroad and telegraph that we can develope and exhibit what there is no instance of—of a republic maintaining itself peacefully. Thus only can our institutions be maintained, for when their support depends on a standing army, they cease to be republican. The Pacific Railroad would realize what Europe has been striving to attain for four hundred years, using thereto all the inventions of printing; the mariner's compass; the explorations of Africa; the search for a northwest passage; the search for Cathay; and would transfer the commerce of the world from its ancient channels of the Red Sea and the Persian gulf, across our continent, thus augmenting the agencies by which we may become the highest, most powerful and most beneficent of all the nations of the earth. Without further general remarks, he would say, that all we have now to do, is to propitiate and agree upon the manner, the circumstances, the way and the time this great work is to be commenced.

Mr. Green, of Missouri, freely admitted that the road would benefit Missouri, but he did not advocate it for any selfish interests of his own State. It is probable that the traffic cannot justify more than one road, and that should be central. No road of 500 miles pays for through traffic. The business would, perhaps, not even pay. Taking it for granted that there will be only one line, it certainly ought not to be located through the burning El Paso or the snow-obstructed North.

Mr. Green's amendment was lost.

Mr. Polk, of Missouri, moved as a substitute, to locate the road on the western boundary line of Missouri and Arkansas between the mouth of the Big Sioux and Fort Smith, on the Arkansas river.

Pending the consideration of the substitute, the Senate went in to Executive Session, and subsequently adjourned.

On the 15th, Mr. Fessenden of Maine, moved a resolution calling on the Secretary of War for information respecting all contracts for the Utah army that have been made without public notice. Agreed to.

On motion of Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, the Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was taken up and passed.

Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, moved that the vote by which the bill for the building of a telegraph line to Utah was postponed till December next, be reconsidered Laid over.

Mr. Houston, of Texas, gave notice that on Monday he would move for the establishment of a protectorate over Mexico.

Mr. Polk, of Missouri, spoke of his amendment for an eastern terminus of the Pacific Railroad. If the mouth of the Big Sioux be the terminus, twenty-one States are entirely south of that parallel, and only 4 degrees north of it, while the parallel, carried to the Atlantic, would intersect part of Canada, and be as near Montreal as Baltimore. He elaborated at great length the advantages of the 35th parallel over all other routes. There is no tunnelling to be done, and no grade as steep as on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. For a thousand miles the grade is twenty feet per mile, and the average grade of the whole road is only thirty-three and a third per mile. There is timber, water, and probably coal on the route. He believed the completion of this work will tax the utmost energies of the country; it far transcends in magnitude the Chinese wall. The entire country wants it, and he believed the fullness of time had come for its commencement.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, argued against the Government inaugurating a new system of bounties, payable in advance, with the view of inviting labor and capital to undertake the work. The expectations held out to capitalists are illusory. The road will cost from one to two hundred millions, while the Government is to give twenty-five millions in money, and twenty-five million acres of land. Will any substantial contractor take such a risk? He was forcibly impressed with the conviction that if the Government can be induced to touch this thing with a little finger, it will have to pay for it in all time. It is fortunate, however, that these lands are worthless, else the system of fraudulent credit would be built on them, that would result in another national bankruptcy. He would oppose every bill in every shape that proposes to bring an insatiable swarm of speculators to the doors of the Treasury by donations of money or land

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, was in favor of a Pacific road, without saying when or how it shall be built. He learned that there will soon be a bill offered to borrow thirty millions, or twenty at least. It was also mentioned in Mr. Slidell's recent speech, that Cuba may be had by negotiation. He wished to know if this is the settled purpose of the Administration, because, after paying two hundred millions for Cuba, we may not have enough to pay one hundred millions for a railroad. Although he admitted the energy of the country, he did not think it was competent for both.

Mr. Polk, of Missouri—Not at once.

Mr. Hale wanted to know which was to be undertaken first, but received no reply.

Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, moved to amend Mr. Polk's amendment, substituting "that the northern point be at Breckinridge, at the confluence of the Bois des Sioux with the Red River of the North, on the northern boundary of Minnesota." This route was surveyed by Stevens, and is capable of being thickly settled across the whole continent.

Mr. Foster moved an amendment, that all the iron used in the railroad be of American manufacture.

Postponed till next day.

The Clerk of the House notified the Senate of the appointment of a Committee of Conference on the Kansas Bill, consisting of Messrs. English, of Indiana, Stevens, of Georgia, and Howard, of Michigan. Adjourned.

On the 16th, the Senate passed thirty-two private bills and the adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

On the 12th, on motion of Mr. Clarke, of Missouri, immediately after the reading of the journal, the House adjourned, in order to afford members the opportunity of attending the funeral ceremonies of Mr. Benton this afternoon.

[*Note.*—Nearly all the members lingered in the Hall after the House adjourned, conversing together in groups or in their seats, when they were startled by a fight between Mr. Craige, of North Carolina, and Mr. Helper, author of a book called "The Impending Crisis," formerly of North Carolina. They had just before been angrily engaged in conversation. Crowds rushed in and separated the combatants, while they were engaged in dealing heavy blows.

Mr. Helper was temporarily taken in charge by the Sergeant-at-Arms. A number of ladies who were on the floor at the time, were frightened witness of the disgraceful proceedings.

A pistol and knife were found on the person of Mr. Helper after he was taken into custody. He had, however, made no attempt to use them. At an investigation into the affray, held this afternoon, Senator Hale and Montgomery Blair appeared as his counsel. The justice held the accused to bail to keep the peace.]

On the 13th, Mr. Carruthers, of Missouri, appeared in his seat for the first time

The House went into Committee of the Whole to establish a Police Guard for the protection of life and property in Washington City.

Mr. Comins said that the House had been engaged all the session in endeavors to release the people of Kansas from the tyrannical grasp of the Administration, and he was not willing to place the residents of the District of Columbia in its power. The bill was subversive of the principles of popular sovereignty.

Mr. Clemens, of Virginia, asked whether Mr. Comins had forgotten that this Republican party had deprived New York of its municipal power, and vested it in the Executive of the State?

Mr. Comins said that he had doubted, and was not yet convinced of the expediency of that measure.

During a spirited colloquy between Mr. Clemens, of Virginia, and Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, the latter said that if Mr. Clemens could not trust his own Executive and party on the Deficiency Bill, which proposed to sustain the army on the frontier, he (Mr. Campbell) could not trust the Executive to regulate the police of Washington He would rather see his constituents come here prepared to protect themselves.

Mr Clemens replied—And yet the gentleman from Ohio voted for the Deficiency Bill, which gave the Executive Department absolute control over eight or nine millions of dollars, and is now taking peculiar merit to himself for voting for it.

Mr. Campbell explained that the estimates were regularly submitted, and it was declared by the Executive and by a resolution of the House, that Utah was in a state of rebellion.—He had separated from his party friends in voting for that bill

Mr. Clemens—I thought you said you were no party man. [Laughter.]

Mr. Campbell—You have abandoned your party by voting against the Deficiency Bill, and it is for you to settle your accounts with the Administration. [Merriment.]

Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky, said the Deficiency Bill is rather a delicate subject on this side. Suppose you confine yourself to the bill now pending. [Laughter.]

Mr. Clemens said that Mr. Campbell sailed in the eye of the wind, politically, and one did not know where to find him.

Mr. Campbell despised and condemned slavery of the mind, more than any other, and would rather be the slave of Mr. Clemens, under his lash, than the slave of any party or power on earth.

Mr. Clemens replied that such a declaration was rhetorically magnanimous, and reminded him of the couplet,

"When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

[Laughter.] Whatever reputation the gentleman from Ohio has, was derived from his allegiance to his party.

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, said that he had no doubt that the demoralization had its origin in the practice of the maxim that to the victors belong the spoils. The Presidential election of 1844 was controlled and carried by the outlaw Empire Club, whose captain was appointed Marshal of the Southern District of New York. He did not want such a Chief of Police as would be appointed by the President, who has appointed to office, in Kansas, half-a-dozen men charged with murder, and several sentenced to be hanged. He favored the election of commissioners, to take the appointment of police officers out of the hands of any political party.

Mr. Smith, of Virginia, denied that disorders or dangers have sprung from persons in pursuit of federal appointments. He asked, in the name of God, was an indictment by Black Republicans evidence against a man's character? Mercenaries were hired to go to Kansas and do their work of mischief there. Robinson, who was indicted in Sacramento, had escaped to Kansas, and was found there among those engaged in acts of outrage and murder. This was the sort of man Mr. Stanton wanted to make a Governor of Kansas, when he would not trust the President with the appointment of an auxiliary police guard.

Other members spoke on the same subject, when the Committee rose, and the House adjourned.

On the 14th, a message from the Senate, insisting on its disagreement to the House amendment, and asking for a Committee of Conference, was read.

Mr. Montgomery moved that the House insist on its adherence, and demanded the previous question.

Mr. English, of Indiana, inquired whether, if a Committee of Conference be ordered by the House, parliamentary law and practice would require the majority of the committee to be composed of gentlemen representing the majority of the House, or a majority of those in favor of the House Bill.

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, said, if not in order, he would object to the question, because this would provoke interrogatories on the other side.

Mr. English gave notice that, if the motion was voted down, he would move for a Committee of Conference.

The House then voted on seconding the demand for the previous question, which resulted in the following vote—yeas 108, nays 107.

The Speaker then gave his casting vote in the negative, so the motion on seconding the previous question was lost by a tie vote.

Mr. English, in order that he should not be misunderstood, said that he was opposed to the Senate bill in its present shape, but notwithstanding this, he was willing to hear what the Senate had to say, and he was therefore in favor of the appointment of a Committee of Conference. He could see no harm that would result from this, and he moved that the House agree to a Committee of Conference on the subject of the disagreeing votes of the two Houses, and that three members be appointed on the part of the House. He moved the previous question.

Mr Washburne, of Maine, raised the question that it was not in order for Mr. English to make that motion. The House has adhered, and until it reconsiders that motion, it is not in order for Mr. English to make his motion.

The Speaker overruled the point of order.

Mr. Garnett wished to make an explanation for his vote, but objection was made.

The demand for the previous question was then seconded.

The House proceeded to vote on Mr. English's motion for a Committee of Conference.

The vote was announced—yeas 108, nays 108, when the Speaker voted in the affirmative, and decided the vote in favor of Mr. English's proposition.

The Anti-Lecompton Democrats who voted for the committee, were Messrs. Owen Jones, of Penns., English, of Indiana, Pendleton, of Ohio, and Hall, of Ohio.

The announcement was greeted by applause from the spectators in the galleries.

The Speaker called upon the doorkeeper and his assistants to remove those who had so far forgotten themselves as to cause the disturbance, but afterwards revoked the order.

The House then again went into committee on the Washington Police Bill.

During the discussion, Mr. Reagan, of Texas, said that he would vote against this, as he did against the Deficiency Bill, guided by his judgment and convictions, irrespective of the Washington Union, which, professing to be the organ of the Administration, had fabricated a false statement to read him and other Southern Democrats out of the party, because they voted against the Deficiency Bill. He would not vote for any measure to pension lobby members and loafers on the treasury, while it declared that the people of the District of Columbia were not capable of self-government.

John Cochrane, of New York, earnestly argued the necessity of the passage of the bill for the better protection of life and property, but stated his objections to the bill under consideration. He was in favor of investing the appointment of the police officers and men in a board of commissioners

Mr. Gilman, of Maine, said that there could not be a just administration of the local affairs here, without a pure administration of public affairs, and so long as he who stands at the head of the Administration sanctions and approves such a measure as the Lecompton Constitution, which every gentleman knows to be one of the most stupendous frauds, and unparalleled in the history of civilized nations. It was surprising with what facility the President changes his tactics from Kansas to the District of Columbia. The Democracy, which professes to embody the will of the people, practices more of tyranny and despotism, than of republican liberty. Adjourned.

On the 15th, Mr. Millson, of Virginia, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill fixing the compensation of captains of revenue cutters at $1,500, first lieutenants at $1,200, second lieutenants at $1,100, third lieutenants at $1,000, engineers at $1,200, and assistant engineers at $1,000. The compensation for petty officers and sergeants of marines to be fixed by the President, and not to exceed $40 per month, exclusive of rations. The bill was passed.

Mr. John Cochrane, of New York, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill making appropriations for the improvements of certain rivers and harbors. He remarked that it was framed with a view to economy, considering the present condition of the Treasury. Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, also reported a River and Harbor Bill.

Mr. Cobb, of Alabama, from the Committee of Public Lands, reported adversely on the bill granting the public lands to the States for the promotion of agriculture and the mechanic arts.

Mr. Wallbridge, of Michigan, made a minority report.

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, made an ineffectual motion to take up the bill for the admission of Minnesota into the Union.

The House then resumed the consideration of the bill to establish an auxiliary guard for the protection of life and property in Washington City.

After some discussion on the merits of the bill, the House adjourned.

On the 16th, the House took up the private calendar.

Mr. Clingman of North Carolina, in responding to a former remark of Mr. Leiter of Ohio, explained that he left the Whig party because it became abolitionized, and since then had found Captain Rynders to be an honorable man, who had been badly slandered.

Mr. Giddings of Ohio said he recollected the time when Mr. Clingman and himself stood side by side, and added that his leaving the party was for the party's good.

Mr. Clingman replied that the gentleman's party had been beaten ever since he (Mr. C.) had left it. Their vote on the Crittenden substitute was a good proof of their penitence.

The colloquy between these gentlemen created much merriment. Adjourned.

THE DUKEDOM OF DEVONSHIRE.—The following letter appears in *The London Morning Post*:

"Sir:—I have seen in a French paper an article translated from *The Court Journal*, stating that a son of the late *pretended* Duke of Devonshire claims the titles and estates which his father was allowed to enjoy, since which a copy of the article which appeared has been forwarded to me. To that article I beg to reply, and request you to insert the same in your journal. The late Lord George Cavendish (my father) married my mother in the year 1780. She was a Catholic. The marriage was first performed agreeably to the rites of the Protestant Church; secondly, by a Catholic priest, accordingly to the rites of the Catholic Church. The certificates of the marriages are in my possession, properly and duly attested by four witnesses. The late Lord George Cavendish (my father) was perfectly aware of the late *pretended* Duke having been substituted in the place of a girl. His would be father never had a son, and Lord George allowed the said son to enjoy the titles and estates of his *soi-disant* father during his life. The *pretended* Duke may have broken his promise, and contracted a secret marriage, and his son may now come forth and lay claim to the titles and estates of his father; no law prevents this, but the law does and will prevent his entering into possession of the property to which his father had no legal claim. I am willing to give his son (if he exists) all the real benefits attached to his birth; but the claims he sets up can never be justified in the presence of the facts above stated. I have in my possession all the necessary documents and papers, duly attested, to prove the substitution of the *pretended* Duke, and no time will be lost to place them before the competent tribunals, with the firm persuasion that justice will be given to *qui de droit*. I am a young man, have no family, but a dearly beloved wife, to whom I forward this for insertion. The title of Duke has few charms for me, but I will never suffer that title and the estates attached to it to fall into the hands of those who have no just claims to enjoy them.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,
"HENRY CAVENDISH.

"*Hautes Alpes, Feb. 26, 1858.*"

AFFAIRS IN VENEZUELA.—CARACAS, March 30, 1858.—The most important news I have to communicate, is, that Gen. Monagas, the ex-President, has delivered himself up to the Provisional Government, and will take his trial for all his misdeeds. He will be fortunate if he escapes with the loss of all his plunder, estimated variously from 3,000,000 to 5,000 000 (five million) of dollars. His son-in-law, Mr. Guiseppi, one of the most active of his coadjutors, will be taken to-day from the house of the French Minister, whither he fled for refuge from the populace on the 15th, in company with the Minister Jacinto Guttierrez. It is said that they had previously deposited at the Legation upwards of a million in gold.

The American Minister had previously nailed his flag over the door of the French embassy, where Monagas had taken refuge, and threatened to demand his passports if the ex-President was taken out by force.

FAUX PAS IN HIGH LIFE.—We are sorry to learn that the youthful and only daughter of a wealthy commoner, and niece of a noble Earl, has, within the last twenty-four hours, eloped with a nobleman holding a prominent position in society, and whose name is "as familiar as household words" to our readers, from having repeatedly appeared before the public. The nobleman alluded to is, we regret to say, a married man, but for some years has been estranged from his wife, who, we believe, is now residing abroad. It is presumed the guilty couple have fled to the continent, as they were traced to Dover yesterday afternoon.—*London Morning Herald.*

The parties to the above are said to be Lord Cardigan, who led the charge at Balaklava, and Miss De Horsey.

AN extensive fire raged in the woods and fields near Woburn, Mass., recently, which extended two miles, and is estimated to have burnt over six or seven hundred acres of ground. A number of houses barely escaped destruction.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE St. Louis Republican learns that, on the 27th ult., a hurricane passed over the town of Bertonville, in Arkansas, blowing down nearly all the houses. Twenty-five persons are reported as killed, and a great number wounded.

"TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK."—It is stated that five or six families have already arrived at Old Point Comfort, Va., *to spend the summer.*

INTERFERING WITH THE FUN.—The masquerade ball in New York, advertised by Ullman at the Academy of Music, meets with trouble. The newspapers denounce it as immoral, even for Gotham, and the police justice has issued a letter to Mr. Ullman, telling him it is illegal and will not be allowed. All the loose characters about town are very indignant at this interference with their rights and their pleasures.

WASHINGTON, April 12th.—The report is revived in well-informed circles, that Senator Slidell, of Louisiana, and Mr. Belmont, late Minister to the Hague, are engaged in the raising of a loan for three millions of dollars, to be applied in aid of the revolution now in progress in Sonora.

MAPLE SUGAR.—In Maine, Michigan, and other States, farmers are about engaging in the manufacture of maple sugar. It is not probable that the product this year will equal that of the last, which was greater than ever known before, as the season is likely to be shorter, and prices are lower.

THE English Admiral has discovered that Canton is situated on an island; one of the gun boats has just made a passage around it. It is somewhat singular that this fact was never known before, and only goes to show how jealous these people are of giving any information of the internal affairs or formation of the country.

THE Savannah Republican notices the arrival of seven vessels at that port, within two days, all of them loaded with ice from Maine.

WE notice in the Albany papers that the Assembly, on Friday, was opened with prayer by Rabbi Cohen.

KIDNAPPING CHILDREN.—The St. Louis Herald says that the kidnapping of children from three to seven years of age has become very common in that city—the supposition being that they are either mutilated or disfigured or taken to other places, to be used for vicious or criminal purposes.

MISS SARAH PELLET, the reformer, has turned up again. She proposes to forward to California a consignment of five thousand marriageable girls from the New England States. They are to be consigned to the various divisions of the Sons of Temperance, who are to provide for their wants, husbands included.

THE CHESS VICTORY.—The premiums for the two grand Chess Problems offered by the first American Chess Congress held in New York city, it is reported by Mr. Fiske, Secretary of the Chess Committee, have been awarded to Rudolphe Wimmere, pianist at the Imperial Court of Vienna, and Conrad Bayer, of Olmutz, Austria.

THE LARGEST ROOM IN THE WORLD.—It is stated that the largest room that was ever constructed, is that in which the tobacco stores are kept at the London docks. The room is said to cover nearly six acres, being, of course, under one roof. It is a curious circumstance that this enormous apartment should be devoted to an article of mere luxury.

THE first cargo of white oak and yellow pine timber, amounting in value to upwards of $50,000, was shipped last Saturday week on board the American ship W. S. Lindsay, from New York to Venice, for the construction of a naval dry dock for the Austrian Government.

THE HOOP TRAIN.—Such quantities of steel are being turned out by a Connecticut firm for the manufacture of ladies' hooped skirts, that the railway train, which forwards weekly instalments to the factory in New York, is called the "hoop train," and of course is regarded with more than ordinary consideration.

THE Union says that the President had a protracted interview with Mr. Benton on the night before his death and the latter afterwards expressed his exceeding gratification at the visit. Mr. Benton spoke of his extreme solicitude for the condition of public affairs and his painful sense of the imminent danger which threatens the country. He exhorted the President to rely on Divine support and guidance, and not upon that of man who would deceive him.

AN EXTENSIVE LIBEL SUIT.—The New York Herald states that ex-Mayor Wood intends to bring a libel suit against the proprietors of the New York Tribune, based on articles published during the last four years, which will embrace no less than *seven hundred and fifty* distinct libels.

WHAT is the real name of Mrs. John C. Fremont? The New York *Evening Post*, professing to speak on the lady's authority, says that it is *Jessie Benton*; the *New American Cyclopædia*, speaking on her father's authority, says that it is *Ann Benton*; and now the *Boston Bee* affirms that she signs legal documents *Jessie Ann Benton*.

DIDN'T TAKE THE PAPERS.—In Cincinnati, a few days since, a man who resides within twelve miles of that city walked into the Citizens' Bank for the purpose of obtaining a sum of money which he had deposited there several years ago. Imagine his feelings on learning that the bank had failed six months ago. He had not even heard of the extraordinary financial panic which recently swept over the country with such a levelling influence.

IN a recent debate in the English House of Commons, Mr. Roch called the attention of the House to the treatment of the mutinous sepoys in India. Mr. Rich stated that, after the most diligent inquiry had been made, not a single case of mutilation could be discovered among all the persons who had escaped from the thick of the mutiny.

THE *N. O. Picayune* says: "In looking over the list of members of this Congress (thirty years ago), as published in Niles's Register of December, 1825, we notice a curious circumstance. The list contains the full names of every member of the House of Representatives but one. There was a new member from Tennessee, whose Christian name could not be found out by the compiler, and so he put him down thus: —— Polk. Twenty years afterward, this obscure gentleman, of whose identity there was so much question in 1825, was elected President of the United States."

DUEL AT PARIS.—The Paris correspondent of the *Commercial Advertiser* states that a duel took place at Paris, between Mr. Calhoun, Secretary of the American Legation, and Mr. Brevoort of New York. One shot was exchanged, when owing to an informality, the seconds interfered.

HARD ON SAMBO AND THE ASIATICS.—The Rev. S. D. Baldwin, a Methodist minister, in a recent work maintains that the descendants of Shem and Ham "enjoy no promise of persuasion or conversion, of faith and confession as races," and that "millenial glory does not anticipate their full regeneration."

A LONDON letter states that, on the 1st of April, the banking house of George Peabody paid its indebtedness to the Bank of England, incurred during the panic, releasing all securities held by that institution.

THE U. S. STEAM FRIGATE SUSQUEHANNA.—NEW YORK, April 16.—There are twenty-one cases of yellow fever, this morning, at the Marine Hospital, taken from the Susquehanna. Immediately after the Health Commissioners sent her to the Lower Quarantine anchorage to ride out the quarantine probation. The officers and crew of the Susquehanna, except so many as are necessary for shipkeepers, have been ordered to take quarters at Quarantine grounds. Several of the sick died to-day. The remainder are doing well.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market presents no new feature, and the sales being confined to small lots for home consumption, $4,37½ up to 4,50 ₱ bbl for superfine at $4,62½@4,75 for extra, and $5 to 6 for extra family and fancy lots. The receipts continue small, and there is no accumulation of stocks. Rye Flour continues scarce and is wanted at $3,25. 340 bbls Penna Corn Meal sold at $3,35 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have materially increased. Sales of 3000 bush Southern and Penna in lots at 92@1,09 ₱ bush, and for fair and prime red; 70@80c for inferior, and $1,17@1,35 for fair, choice white. 1500 bush Rye brought 70c, and it is in demand for distilling at this figure. 500 bush fair Barley sold at 60c. Corn continues in fair request, and the receipts are moderate; sales of 10,000 bush yellow, afloat, part at 72c, and part at a price to be fixed. Oats are in steady demand, and 1200 bush Penna sold at 40c ₱ bush, afloat.

PROVISIONS—The market for the hog product generally is buoyant, but the high views of holders checks business. Some 400 bbls Mess Pork have been disposed of, in lots, at $18. Mess Beef is selling as wanted for ships' stores, at $15@17 ₱ bbl—the latter for city packed. Bacon has been moving off more freely at 11½@12½c for plain and fancy Hams, 10@10½c for Sides, and 8@8½c for Shoulders. Of green meats some 700 casks have been disposed of at 9½@10c for Hams, in salt and pickle, the latter for fancy lots, 9@9½c for Sides, which are very scarce, and 8@8½c for Shoulders, in salt, cash and short time Lard is wanted, with small receipts and sales to note at 10@10½c for country packed, 10½@11c for bbls and 12@12½c for kegs; prime lots are firm at the latter figures. Butter is very dull, and Roll sells slowly at 12@15c as to quality; solid is steady at 11@13c. Cheese—No change. Eggs are lower, and selling at 10@11c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The advices from the South have stiffened the market, and holders have realized ½@¾c advance on last week's rates. The demand, however, from manufacturers is moderate, and only some 900 bales have been disposed of, mostly at 12c for samples, and 12½@13½c cash the latter for middling fair Uplands, including some on time at 13½@14c ₱ lb.

BARK—Has been in moderate request, but the receipts and stocks have been small. Sales of 50 hhds No. 1 Quercitron at $35 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark has not yet commenced to come forward. It is worth from $13 to 15 per cord.

BEESWAX—Is unchanged. Small sales of good Yellow at 29c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL—Continues extremely dull. The opening rates for the best descriptions of White Ash have been fixed at $3,25 ₱ ton, and Red Ash at $3,50, free on board at Richmond. Supplies from the Lehigh have commenced coming forward by canal. No Bituminous Coal offering.

FEATHERS—Are but little inquired after. We quote Western at 40@45c ₱ lb, on time.

FRUIT—Dried Apples are a little more abundant, and range from 6½ to 6¾c ₱ lb. Peaches continue very scarce. Unpared halves sell at 12½@14c, and prime pared, if here, would command 18@20c; 500 bbls Green Apples sold at $2@3,50 ₱ bbl.

HEMP—There is very little stock here to operate in, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—The stock has been materially reduced by the transactions noted at the close of last week, and now are firm; sales of 2000 Caracas on private terms, and 450 green salted New Orleans at 7½c, on time.

HOPS—Remain without change, and the demand continues limited. Sales of first sort Eastern and Western at 8@11c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market has been quiet. There has been a steady inquiry for Pig Metal, and prices are steadily maintained; sales of 400 tons Anthracite at equal to $21, $20 and $19 ₱ ton, cash, for the three Nos. Blooms range from $42,50 for Northern, up to $75 for the best Charcoal. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron remain without change.

LEAD continues scarce and firm, but we are advised of sales of about 900 pigs refined Chester Co., at equal to 6c ₱ lb, cash.

LEATHER is more active, and good slaughter is fully 1c higher, with free sales of most kinds at quotations.

LUMBER is arriving more freely, and the demand has been fair at $14@16 for white pine boards; $10,50 for Lehigh Hemlock do; $12@16 for yellow sap do; $13 for two feet Cypress Shingles; $18@20 for long do; $1,37½ for Laths, and $6@6½ ₱ M for Pickets.

SEEDS—Cloverseed comes forward slowly; 200 bush sold in lots at $4,12½@4,37½, chiefly at $4,25 ₱ 64 lbs

TALLOW sells slowly at 10½@10¾c ₱ lb for City rendered.

TOBACCO—The transactions in both Leaf and Manufactured have been moderate, without change in prices.

WOOL—The stock is light for the season, and holders are firm in their views, but there has been very little doing this week, the sales being mostly in small lots, including common to fine fleece and pulled at former quoted rates. Sales of 85,000 lbs from 26 up to 47½c ₱ lb, cash and 6 mos.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. MCHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '62	—	—
" " '67	116¼	—
" " '68	116¼	—
" " '65	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct	95½	96
" " new	101½	101¾
" 5 "	82	84
Cam City 6 pr ct	89½	90
Pitts 6 pr ct	80	—
" " coupon	—	—
Allg'y City 6 pr ct	—	—
" " County "	—	—
Allg'y co R R 6's	45	46
Penn		
" 5 "	85½	87
" " coupon	90	90½
Tenn 6 pr ct	88½	88½
Kentucky 6 pr ct	100	103
Missouri 6's	82½	82½
Penn R R 6 pr ct	99	99
2d m rt loan '68	95	95½
C & Am R R 6 pr ct	74	75
P G & N R R "	80	—
Reading R R "	72	74½
" " m'rt	88	—
" " 6 pr ct '65	95½	96
Lehigh Val R's "	79½	80
Ches Val R R "	30	35
Tiosa R R "	90	—
Phil Wil & Bal		
'60 R R 6 pr ct	95½	96
Long I R R "	70½	70
Sch Nav '82 "	59	60
Lehigh Nav "	92½	93
Short "	85½	86½
C & D C "	75	77
Sch & Tod '78 "	93½	—
Union Canal	35	37½
Williams & Elmira		
1st m'rt 7 pr ct	66	68½
2d " 7 pr ct	50	52½
Catawissa "	43	43½
North Pa 6 pr ct	58½	59
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	95	95½
Penna	44½	44½
Sea Meadow	54	54½
North Penna	9½	9½
Phil Ger & Nor	47½	50
Reading	22½

AN ASTONISHED LITTERATEUR.—One of our distinguished *litterateurs*, since the breaking out of the revival, was invited to spend the evening in a select company at the house of a common friend. At the appointed hour our friend went, expecting to meet a few kindred spirits and to enjoy the delights of literary and scientific conversation. As he entered the room he thought he detected an air of restraint and solemnity on the countenances of those who had assembled, the effect of which was not at all diminished by one of the number breaking the oppressive silence with the remark: "I see we have present with us a distinguished literary gentleman, and, I doubt not all of us would be glad to join him in a petition to the Throne of Grace. Let us pray." At once every eye was directed toward the unfortunate *litterateur*, who, although an eminently moral man, was rather unaccustomed to vocal prayer. While trying to think of some courteous phrase in which to decline the unexpected invitation, his embarrassment was heightened by seeing the whole company kneel, as if it were a settled thing that he was to lead in prayer. Seeing the condition of things, no other alternative was left him than to pray as best he could. It is enough to say that the company were edified, and that the victim is careful, before accepting an invitation to a party, to ascertain whether he is expected to lead in prayer.—*New York Evening Post.*

FLORIDA INDIANS.—We learn from the efficient and energetic agent of the Creek Indians, Colonel Wm. H. Garrett, who passed through our city on Saturday last, that Billy Bowlegs and his warriors, about fifty or sixty in number, have all agreed to remove, and that Sam Jones and his party, only some forty in number, being the remainder of the tribe, will in all probability consent to emigrate also. This will put a terminus to the "Florida War"—not quite as important, but almost as long as the Peloponesian of olden times.

The price agreed upon is some $1,000 to the chiefs, $500 to the warriors each, and $150 for the squaws—less than the amount offered for their capture by the government. This method is much more humane and far more expeditious than urging a petty war upon a handful of savages at double the expense and of interminable duration. For a year or more the government had been offering $500 for the capture of each warrior, and $220 for each squaw, and up to the present time but one had been taken. The negotiation for their emigration was conducted by Col. Garrett in person, and great credit is due him for the ability and judgment displayed in this delicate business.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Paper.*

ANCIENT TORQUOISE MINE IN NEW MEXICO.—The last number of the American Journal of Science contains an account by Wm P. Blake, of an ancient excavation in New Mexico, made by the aborigines, in search of a stone which they called *chalchihuitl*. This excavation is about 300 feet wide and 200 deep, and is twenty miles from Santa Fe. It is shown to be very ancient, by a thick growth of pine trees in the bottom of the pit, and by numerous fragments of Indian pottery. The stone is green and bluish green, and is identical with turquoise in its composition. The Indians still set the most extravagant value upon beads and trinkets made of it, and obtain small quantities from this seams in the vicinity of the great pit.

The first present sent by Montezuma to Cortez for the Spanish sovereign, consisted of four *chalchihuitl* stones, they being more highly prized than gold. The name *chalchihuitl* is still in use among the Indians of New Mexico, and is often pronounced as if written *chal-che we-te.*

CALIFORNIA.—The prospects of the agriculturists was never better than at this time. The crops of cereals are maturing with rapidity. In many places the wheat and barley have grown to the height of from two to three feet. The rains with which we have been favored the past few days, have had a most beneficial effect on crops.

Quartz mining is attracting much attention, especially in the Southern mining counties, and great success attends operation therein.

Tunnel and placer mining is now paying very well throughout the mining region, water being generally plenty for mining purposes.

The cultivation of the grape and other fruits is attracting much attention throughout the State. The prospects now are, that a large quantity of wine will be manufactured during the present year.

☞ "Sir," said an irascible man to his opponent, "sir, I believe you are either a deist or an atheist" "Wrong, sir," was the rejoinder, "I am a dentist."

☞ Without knowing particulars, I take upon me to assure all persons who think that they have received indignities or injurious treatment, that they may depend upon it, *as in a manner certain, that the offence is not so great as they imagine.—Butler.*

☞ Man is born, not to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out where the problem begins, and then to restrain himself within the limits of the comprehensible.—*Goethe.*

☞ Usually the truest wisdom is a resolute determination.—*Napoleon.*

☞ Men are so differently constituted, that external condition is a poor index of happiness. A shoe which fits one man's foot well, may grievously pinch another man's.

☞ On unity of action depends the success of means.—*Napoleon.*

☞ Although benevolent men cannot do all the good they would, their duty is to do all the good they can.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

April 17.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour heavy; sales of 8500 bbls at $4,45@4,65 for Ohio, and $4,50@4,75 for Southern, a decline of 5c on each. Wheat heavy, sales of 5000 bus at 20@23 for White. Corn declined, sales of 35,000 bus at 73@74c for White and 75@76c for Yellow, a decline of 2c. Beef firm. Mess Pork advanced 25c, at $17@18, and Prime $14,50. Lard buoyant at 11c.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, April 17, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.	GEORGIA.
Solvent banks ½ dis	Solvent banks 1½ dis
Relief Notes ½ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.
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DELAWARE.	Solvent banks 1 to 5 dis
Solvent bks par to ½ dis	MISSISSIPPI.
MARYLAND.	All banks uncertain
Baltimore ½ dis	LOUISIANA.
Solvent banks ½ to ½ dis	Solvent banks 2½ dis
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Solvent bks par to ½ dis	Solvent banks 1½ dis
MAINE.	KENTUCKY.
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A DELICATE QUESTION.—A legal question of a delicate nature is now exciting extraordinary interest in Westphalia, viz: Whether a husband has a right to open his wife's letters. The question arose out of a suit for divorce, instituted by the husband, in which he obtained a decree; but the conclusive piece of evidence was a letter from the Lothario, addressed to the wife, and the contents of which would never have been known had not the husband been so ungallant as to break the seal. The divorced wife at once prosecuted him for opening the letter, and the tribunal of Unna has decided that he was wrong, and has sentenced him to pay a fine of ten thalers. An appeal is pending, the result of which is anxiously watched by the public.

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WE WISH to call public attention to another remarkable cure of Epileptic Fits, by Jayne's Alterative. This disease is usually considered incurable; but from the effects of the Alterative in the case of Mr. Ware (whose letter we append) and others, it is evident that this view is not only erroneous, but that in a large majority of cases Epileptic Fits can be cured.

DANVILLE, PA., JULY 5TH, 1856.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON, PHILADELPHIA:

GENTLEMEN:—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your ALTERATIVE. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from RHEUMATISM, during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with EPILEPTIC FITS, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the BEST PHYSICIANS, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. *After the Fits commenced, my right side became gradually PARALYZED. I lost the use of my arm, and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood.* In this condition, at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your ALTERATIVE last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have NOT had a *single Fit*; the *use of my limbs has returned*, and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the ALTERATIVE, and a couple of boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your ALTERATIVE the best medicine in the world for Epileptic Fits, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it.

Yours, truly, JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

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THOMAS WOODS,
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Yours, truly, P. J. THRASHER.

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☞ He who wants good sense, is unhappy in having learning; for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN WOOLMAN, of this city, to Miss MARTHA A. ALLISON, of Del. county.

On the 12th instant, by the same, Mr. JOHN H. YOUNG, of this city, to Miss LYDIA A. YARNELL, of Montgomery county.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. JOHN HAMILTON, to Miss LOUISA SHELLEY, both of Philadelphia.

On the 8th instant, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. HENRY LEWALLEN, to Miss MARY A. ROVER, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Thos E. Conrad, Mr. JOHN IRVIN, to Miss ELIZA GRAHAM, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. J. D. Curtis, Mr. JOHN T. SCOTT, to Miss ESTHER A. RICHARDSON, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. J. A. McKean, HENRY USER, to LIZZIE HILLMAN, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Wesley Kenney, Mr. JONAS MELLON, to Miss REBECCA L. POWELL, both of this city.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. G. A. Durborow, Mr. FREDERICK SAUER, of West Chester, to Miss EMMA HESS, of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Stephen Smith, Mr. CHARLES BROWN, to Miss SARAH BURTON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, SAMUEL H. SLINGLUFF, aged 67 years.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. SUSAN JOHN, aged 39.

On the 11th instant, SOPHIA AMANDA, daughter of Jacob and Catharine Miller, aged 21 years.

On the 12th instant, ELIZABETH H. daughter of Henry M. and Sarah Crawford, aged 22 years.

On the 12th instant, JOHN WALLACE, aged 33

On the 11th instant, CATHARINE G. wife of Wm. H. McCalla, aged 33 years.

On the 12th instant, AGNES, wife of Peter McDevitt, aged 45 years.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. EMMA JACKSON, aged 27 years.

On the 11th instant, DAVID FORD, aged 41 years.

On the 10th instant, THOMAS W. COOLEY, aged 23 years.

On the 10th instant, CHRISTOPHER F. GRENNER, aged 50 years.

On the 9th instant, JOHN H. DOUBLEBOWER, aged 25 years.

On the 10th instant, WILLIAM F. BAUERER, aged 32 years.

On the 11th instant, Mr. THOMAS D. HOOPER, aged 65 years.

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A LEARNED WITNESS.

FROM HON. O. H. SMITH'S "INDIANA SKETCHES."

At a term of the Rush Circuit Court, came on for trial an important case against Dr. Sexton for malpractice in failing to cure a case of whitlow on the plaintiff's finger. The doctor was one of the first surgeons in the State. I was employed to assist my young friend, Charles H. Test, in the defence; Amos Lane and James T. Brown for the plaintiff; damage claimed, $10,000; Bethsel F. Morris and his "side judges" on the bench. It was admitted that the fingers of the hand in question were drawn to the palm, and entirely stiff, when Dr. Sexton was first called. Preparatory to the trial, the doctor had placed in my hands "Bell on Surgery," giving me an opportunity to understand his case. The prosecuting witness was a little pock-marked Irish doctor, whom I call by the uncommon name of Smith. He had been but a few years from the Emerald Isle, with a "rich brogue" upon his tongue, and a good spice of the blarney, and withal a very laudable ambition to become the competitor of Dr. Sexton. Like death, "he chose a shining mark." He professed to be a regular graduate from a college in Cork, and with the most significant look would draw from his pocket a round, silver medal, upon which was stamped "Dr. Smith, diploma," and exhibit it to the gaze of the people. The doctor would have succeeded well had he confined himself to a country practice, and, as my ancient friend, Jeremiah Cox of Richmond, said in the Senate, to "common doctorin g with pills and powders, and let surgeuary alone." It seemed that he had heard of this whitlow case, had got up the prosecution against Dr. Sexton, and now stood upon the witness stand as the main, and indeed only witness for the plaintiff. He clearly testified to the malpractice of Dr. Sexton, and most triumphantly pointed to the stiff fingers. "What more do you want but the hand ye see?" The plaintiff rested, and my duty of cross-questioning the doctor commenced. "Doctor, you say this was malpractice?" "I do sir." "Are you a regular surgeon?" "I suppose I am." "Have you a diploma?" "I have, sir." "Will you let me see it?" "I will not, sir." "It is in your pocket, is it not?" "It is, sir" "Then hand it out." Counsel for plaintiff—"We object; it is a private document, and no notice has been given to produce it, nor has a subpœna duces tecum been issued." The Court—"Objection sustained." "Well, doctor, is not your diploma silver, about the size of a dollar?" "Suppose it is—what's that to you?" "You swear that this was malpractice; do you understand that the muscles were contracted and the fingers stiff, with the ends drawn into the palm of the hand, when Dr. Sexton first called?" "I understand so." "Do you think you could have straightened the fingers and given elasticity to the joints in that state?" "Certainly." "What would you have applied to the case?" "A poultice of slippery elm bark." "Doctor, what character of whitlow was this? Was it seated under the cuticle near the root or side of the nail, or in the cellular membrane under the cuticle, or in the theca or sheath of the flexor tendons, or in the periosteum?" It was evident that this question struck the doctor all aback. It was, in the language of my facetious friend, Jas. T. Brown, on another occasion, "all Greek and turkey tracks," to the witness. Witness greatly confused, large drops of perspiration falling from his chin, and looking imploringly at the Court, "Must I answer such questions? I did not come here to be examined as if I was before a College of Physicians asking a diploma!" Judge Morris—"The question is proper, the witness must answer." "I shan't answer—the Court may send me to jail." It was apparent to me that the doctor thought he could not make his position worse than it was becoming on the stand, and that going to jail would be a fortunate escape. "You could answer it if you would, doctor." "Certainly I could, in a moment of time." "But you won't do it?" "Not I." "Doctor, do you think this was a case of Paronychia?" "Of what did you say?" "Of Paronychia?" "I shan't answer." "You could answer if you would, doctor?" "Surely I could," stepping about on the floor, and becoming more agitated. "Doctor, might not this have been a case of *onychia maligna?*" "I shall answer no such questions." "You could answer if you would?" "In a minute." "Don't some of the authors that you have read, speak of the disease under the divisions I have named?" "I believe they do." "Which of them, doctor?" "I shan't answer." "You could tell me if you would?" "Yes, sir, I could name fifty of them." "Please name one." "I shan't do it." "Doctor, do not some of the authors you have read, say that in certain stages of the disease it is proper to use lunar caustic and other escharotics?" "I tell you I shall answer no such questions." "You could give me the names of the authors if you would, doctor?" "Indeed could I, as long as your arm" Here the counsel for the plaintiff rescued the doctor. "May it please the Court, we will press this case for the plaintiff no further: let the Jury find for the defendant in the box." Verdict and judgment accordingly.

ANECDOTE OF HENRY CLAY.—The great statesman and orator was travelling somewhere "out west," and put up for the night at a country tavern. "Mine host," in looking over the register, discovered the name of Henry Clay. There was but one "Clay." Could it be possible that he had this distinguished man under his roof. He was astounded, delighted. Next morning, as soon as the "great man" appeared, the admirable Boniface bustled forward, and made his rude bow.

"Mr. Clay, I believe, sir?" said he.

"That is my name," said the gentleman, in his affable tone.

"Mr. Clay, the *Congressman?*"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, I've *heerd* of you, and I thought I'd just ask if you would'nt give me and my old woman a little speech before you go?"

AN IRISHMAN'S CONFIDENCE IN A BANK.—We heard the following capital story yesterday, and only regret that we cannot tell it as it was told to us:

A banker in Dubuque whom we shall call Mr. M——ly, for short, found it necessary a short time ago to suspend business, and accordingly closed his doors, and issued a card to his depositors, in which he stated that he hoped soon to be able to resume again. The day after Mr. M. had closed his doors, he was met by a Hibernian miner who had $6,000 deposited with him, and accosted thus:

"Good-morning, Mr. M. Faith an' it's well you're looking this morning, considering the weather. But, sure, it's sorry I am, Mr. M., to see that card of yours in the papers. But never do you mind such trifles as that, mon—take courage and hold up your head as high as iver—the throuble of the thing will soon blow over. And as for that $6,000 balance of mine, just kape it as long as you want it—I have no use for the lousy dollars—and I know yees for an' honest mon, and perfectly good for the same at any time. Kape it, sir, and pleasant dreams be wid ye."

Mr. M. expressed his thanks, and the banker and depositor separated. But on the following day Mr. M. was startled from his "pleasant dreams" by the presentation of a check for $6,000, bearing the name of his Hibernian friend. Not knowing exactly how to understand the matter, Mr. M sent for Patrick, when the following explanation took place:

"Well, you see, Mr. M., Peggy, that is my wife, has been raising the very divil about the money—and just to pacify the poor ignorant crature that it was all safe, I thought, be dad, that I'd just send for it and count it all over before her ugly face, and then she'd consent to my leaving it with you, together wid the other $4,000 that is giving us so much throuble to kape from being stolen from us."

To such an explanation, together with the new temptation of $4,000 additional, the banker could take no exceptions—so he counted out the $6,000 in short. But that was the last of the Irishman.

The banker, meeting him several days afterwards, desired another explanation.

"Och, the thruth is, Mr. M., it's meself that has been ashamed to see yees. Peggy, that divil of a wife of mine, you see, has hid the money, and bother me if I can find it all, at all, and that's just the thruth, sir."

The banker made a graceful tender of his hat, but Pat generously declined to accept the same, although justly entitled to it.—*Burlington Gazette.*

A FRIGHTENED FOOL.—Bahalul (court fool of Haroon Al-Raschid) seems to have been a dissipated fellow, and the Caliph enjoined him to marry, and live discreetly, loving his wife and bringing up his family in honor. The jester so far obeyed as to go through the nuptial ceremony: but, as he was conducting his wife to her apartment, the uncourteous bridegroom suddenly paused, looked as if he were petrified, and declaring that he had never heard such a tumult in his life, took to his heels, and did not reappear for months. Meanwhile, the deserted bride had procured a divorce, and then Bahalul made his *re-entrée* at court. "So!" exclaimed the Caliph, with an inquiring air. "Ay, ay!" cried the fool, "you would have done as I did. The tumult scared me away beyond the hills." "What tumult?" asked Haroon. "Why," said Bahalul, "as my wife was entering her room, there came from her sounds as of a thousand voices. Amid them I could distinguish the cries of 'rent! taxes! doctors! sons! daughters! schooling! dress! silks! satins! muslins! drawers! slippers! money! more money! debt! imprisonment! and Bahalul has drowned himself in the Caliph's bath! —therewith,' added the jester, 'terrified at the solemn warning, and wishing to avoid the profanity of plunging my person into your brightness's bath, I fled till the danger was over, and —here I am; owing nothing, and disinclined to drown myself.'"—*Doran.*

PHONOGRAPHY.—The art of phonographic reporting is the best ever invented, but nevertheless sometimes leads to mistakes. Not long since, a member of Congress was making a speech, in which he intimated that truth was much dearer to him than party, quoting the Latin, '*Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato sed magis amica veritas.*" (Socrates is my friend, Plato is my friend, but truth is much more my friend.) This appeared the next day in the report as follows: "I may cuss Socrates, I may cuss Plato," said Major Veritas!

The sounds were somewhat like, but then there was a little difference in the meaning.

On another occasion, Senator Bright had something to say about his constituents and "*actual settlers.*" Now it sometimes happens, that the signs for words of different sense are in phonography so nearly alike, that the right word can only be judged by the context. On this occasion the reporter did not probably write out his own report, but left it to some careless clerk, and the consequence was, that Mr. Bright was astonished the next day to see his constituents referred to as "*cattle stealers,*" in his speech. "Actual settlers" and "cattle stealers" being represented by the same signs in phonographic writing.

☞ If a fellow attacked my opinions in print, would I reply? Not I. Do you think I don't understand what my friend, the Professor, long ago called the hydrostatic paradox of controversy? Don't know what that means? Well, I'll tell you. You know that if you had a bent tube, one arm of which was the size of a pipe stem, and the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand in the same height in one as in the other. Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way, and the fools know it.—*Dr. Holmes.*

☞ In Sweden it is the custom to take off the hat when acknowledging a salute. King Oscar once said to a gentleman who was commiserating him for being obliged to keep his hat off the whole length of the Drottninggatan in a violent snow storm, "You are quite right, it was exceedingly disagreeable, and I could not help wishing that instead of being King of Sweden, I was the King of Thibet, where, according to Huc, the polite salutation is simply to stick out your tongue."

A NEW MUSICAL PRODIGY.

THE OLD PEDAGOGUE.—I had not been in the school seven days, before, for a simple deficiency in the multiplication of the number seven, I was severely whipped and breeched as though I were guilty of some crime. I am quite certain that no parent who loved his child could have resisted the impulse to retaliate upon such a master, who had about as much feeling for a boy as a gamekeeper has for a pointer puppy. The reverence I had for my father, and the gentleness of my mother, were but ill-changed for the detestation which I imbibed of this man, whom I tried to love, but never could. I dreaded him beyond anything tongue can express. If in these days any boy in our union schools received the treatment we used to receive from that irritable and unfeeling old man, all the country would be up in arms, Parliament would interfere, and the schoolmaster would be cashiered. Fancy a young boy of seven held on the back of another boy, flogged till the blood spun out of him, and only because of a mistake in his multiplication table, and which neither tears nor entreaties could avert. Assuredly, there appeared to me to be neither mind, mercy, nor justice in such a man: and the consequence was, that he never made a scholar, though he gained sufficient money to live and die in affluence.—*The Real History of a Suffolk Man.*

A PROPOSAL TO ROBESPIERRE.—At a recent sale of autographs at Paris, the following letter, addressed to Robespierre, excited no little interest:

"Since the beginning of the Revolution, I have been in love with you, citizen! But I was married, and knew how to control my passion. To-day I am free. My husband has fallen in La Vendee. I'll give to you this declaration in the face of the Supreme Being. It is no easy task for a woman to make such a confession; but paper is patient; you are my supreme deity, and on earth I know none beside you. I look upon you as my guardian angel, and will only live under your laws. If you are free, I will be yours for life. I am 22 years old, and have a feeling soul. I offer to you as a dowry the qualities of a true republican, and 40,000 livres rentes. I am waiting for your answer, Veuve Jacquin, at Nancy, *poste restante.* I say *poste restante,* from fear that my mother might scold me for my giddiness."

The issue of this love affair is not known.

A REPENTANT DRY GOODS MERCHANT.—A correspondent of the N Y. Evening Post furnishes the following instance of mistaken conversion in that city:

Among the recent conversions was that of Mr. ——, a large dry goods dealer. After his conversion he went to a neighboring minister, and told him there were so many tricks in the trade, that he was convinced that no man could be honest, and obtain a living by the sale of dry goods.

"Then," said the minister. "I suppose you intend to give up your business, and go into something else?"

"Oh, no," replied the hopeful convert, "I shall attend only to the purchase of goods, and leave all the selling to my clerks."

TO SPORTSMEN.—S. Sutherland, of Richmond, Va., gives the following rule to load a gun properly:—"Try it repeatedly with charges, consisting of equal bulks of powder and shot, till you come to a quantity with which the gun will not recoil, or but slightly: this will give you the proper quantity of shot. With this load, however, the gun will scatter in all directions. To correct this, reduce the quantity of powder until you find that the shot is carried as close as you desire. A gun loaded thus, will never burst. To make it carry further, use shot of a larger size. No gun should be fired more than twenty times without being wiped out. When in the field, it will be much safer to carry the piece always at half cock."

HASTY JUDGMENT.—What terrible mistakes in the judgment of character have arisen from a proverb such as this: "A little straw shows where the wind blows;" that is to say, an individual and unimportant act may be taken as an index of a disposition; as though, of all the thousand springs which influence a human soul, we could lay our finger upon the particular cause that has actuated it in some transitory matter, and, far less, as if from that action we might assume the mainspring of a nature.—How often has a mere kindly impulse been thus mistaken for a noble principle, or a thoughtless deed ascribed to the dark influence of self!

THE SLOPE.—Here, on our table, lies a shilling of 1767. On the obverse, "Georgius III., Dei Gratia." The facial angle of his Majesty is not promising. Had the slope of the Milwall building-yard been as rapid as George's cranial descent from the crown to the nose-end, the Leviathan would have been in the water two months ago. Parenology was not launched in 1767; and it was not until later years that the Royal Mint improved his Majesty's developments.—*Gateshead Observer.*

Agricultural.

A WORD ABOUT YOUR SHEEP.—Separate your ewes that will have lambs from the rest of the flock, and give them special attention. If any of them are weak or poor, give them good nourishing food. Sliced roots, with meal, in very moderate quantities, may be given. There is danger, however, of over-feeding, and if the ewes have been well wintered, very few will need extra food. Be very careful to keep all dogs away from the ewes, and everything else that will alarm them. Quiet, rest, good-shelter, and good *even* feeding, are grand points now, as always. About this time, or a little later, the ewes should be clotted or "tagged." The advantages of this operation are, that the ewes will be neater after lambing, the lamb will suck more easily, and the shepherd will more readily see their exact condition. In handling the ewes, treat them very tenderly. Do not hurt them or alarm them. Both ewe and lamb are often sacrificed to a little heedlessness or cruelty.

As to the *rest of the flock,* keep them on good food, and give them shelter during the spring storms. See that no weak sheep get cast in some corner, and chilled or starved to death. The best way to avoid this, is to have a yard near the barn to serve as a hospital. Place the weak ones here, and nurse them as they need. If your sheep have been fed on dry food exclusively, they may have the "stretches," which are caused by constipation, or excessive costiveness. In such cases, feeding them with green food, or scalded shorts, or boiled turnips, and giving them a dose of linseed oil (half a small teacup full) with a raw egg, will generally effect a cure.—*Ohio Farmer.*

A WORD OR TWO FOR WEEDS.—Are weeds, popularly so called, such robbers as they are supposed to be, or are they not, as a certain elderly gentleman is sometimes said to be, painted blacker than they deserve? Our old-fashioned fields in Ireland, exhausted and incapable of bearing profitable crops of potatoes and corn, are given up to weeds for three or four years, and thus recover a fertility that enables them to bear several more crops of potatoes and corn, to the entire satisfaction and comfort of Paddy. Liebig says the exhausted fields in the neighborhood of Naples recover a fertility from being given up in a similar way to the beneficent dominion of weeds. Very unkindly he does not allow any credit to these friends of men, but ascribes the restored fertility to the sole and unassisted influence of atmospheric matters in the decomposition of earthly ones; but had these fields continued in tillage, aided by manures and the opening and disintegrating labors of man, so far from recovering such fertility they would have become further deteriorated, as the necessity for ceasing to till them evinces. Surely these weeds are not robbers; rather they are restorers of a fertility which our cultivated crops have stolen from our fields. —*J. M. Goodiff.*

SALT AND ASHES FOR COWS.—On turning my cows to pasture in the spring, I provide several small tubs, and having fixed them firmly in the soil, to prevent them being overturned, put into each tub one quart of salt, and three quarts of sifted wood ashes, previously well mixed by stirring. The cows partake freely of this mixture. It prevents injury by the sudden change from dry to green food, and has, besides, a most invigorating effect upon the general system. Some assert that salt should be given as often as only once a week, as its more frequent use would be injurious.—But when supplied in this way, no apprehension need be entertained. I have never known an instance of the kind, and I have so given the article for years.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

ROT.—It is a fact indisputably proved, says Mr. Cuthbert W. Johnson, that if sheep are allowed free access to salt, they will never be subject to the disease called the rot. Some recent experiments also lead me even to hope that I shall one day or the other, be able to prove it to be a cure for this devastating disease. I have room but for one fact; Mr. Rusher, of Stanly, in Gloucestershire, in the autumn of 1828, purchased for a mere trifle twenty sheep, *decidedly rotten,* and gave each of them for some weeks one ounce of salt every morning; two only died during the winter; the surviving eighteen were ewed, and have now, says my informant, lambs by their sides.—*Field.*

HEN MANURE.—Hen manure is ten or fifteen times stronger than common yard manure. It may be mixed with several times its bulk of loam, stirred well, allowed to remain a few weeks, if convenient, to allow it to impregnate the loam, and then be applied in the hill. Or the hen manure may be sown broadcast, well harrowed into the earth, and then turned under lightly with a gang-plough or otherwise, and the quantity used per acre must be in accordance with its strength. The lime may be treated in the last mentioned way.—*Country Gentleman.*

FEEDING SPRING PIGS.—The best food for young pigs is *milk*—first from the sow, and after this ends, skim-milk from cows. In all changes of the food of animals, the transition should be gradual. Sudden changes always injure. Pass gradually from new milk to skim-milk, and from the latter to sour milk. If there is not enough skim-milk and sour milk for all the pigs can eat through spring and summer, then reduce their number. Or barley or pea meal may be gradually added and increased in quantity. As the pigs grow larger and the milk decreases, grain takes its place. There is a great mistake often made in feeding milk to pigs, by allowing slop and dish-water to be thrown into it, which dilutes it, and consequently the animal cannot take in enough for his most rapid growth. Feed the milk in its concentrated state. We have known spring pigs fed for the first few months with all the milk they could eat, and afterwards properly fattened, that weighed 300 to 350 lbs. at ten months.—*Country Gentleman.*

HOW TO MEASURE CORN IN THE EAR.—Arrange the corn in the pen or crib so that it will be of equal depth throughout; then ascertain the length, breadth and depth of the pile; multiply these dimensions together, and their product by 4½; then cut off one figure from the right of the last product, and the remainder will be so many bushels of shelled corn; and the figure cut off will show so many tenths of a bushel more.

Example—In a crib or pen of corn in the ear, measuring ten feet long, eight feet high and seven feet wide, there will be 252 bushels of shelled corn.

Thus: 10x8x7x4 1-2=252 9.—*Valley Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

RECEIPT FOR FOUNDER IN HORSES.—Take ¼ lb. alum, dissolve it in hot water, let it cool, then pour it down the horse. Don't be afraid; it will cure. If the horse is stiff, put his feet in hot water, one at a time. I have saved several horses in this way.

NEW GRAFTING WAX.—Take two ounces of common rosin, melt it slowly over a fire, being careful not to heat it so much as to make it throw off its spirit of turpentine. When it becomes clear as syrup, add a little less than one ounce of alcohol, and mix well and put into a bottle at once and cork tight. Alcohol is to be added sufficient to make the mixture liquid and keep it so, and when applied to trees it hardens at once and forms an air-tight covering.

STICKING SALVE.—As requested by Mr. Smith, I send you a recipe for making Sticking Salve of the first quality—not only for sores, but for pains, &c. Three pounds rosin; half pound bees-wax; half pound mutton tallow, and a tablespoonful sulphur. When melted together, turn it into cold water, and then work together with the hands, by pulling and doubling it, fifteen or twenty minutes—the original recipe says, "about an hour,"—and it is fit for use.—*Rural New Yorker.*

TO DYE BLACK.—To every pound of cloth or yarn, one ounce of extract of logwood, and half an ounce of blue vitriol. Prepare an iron kettle with a sufficient quantity of soft water to prevent the material from being crowded; bring the water to a scalding heat; put in the yarn or cloth, and when thoroughly wet take it out and let it drain; then add the vitriol, and when dissolved, and the water carefully skimmed, put in the article to be colored, let it remain half an hour at a scalding heat, airing it occasionally, then take it out and rinse in soft water. Pour the vitriol-water into another vessel, and dissolve the extract of logwood in a sufficient quantity of water brought to a scalding heat and skimmed; put in the cloth, keeping the dye at the same temperature and let it remain half an hour, airing frequently, then take it out and drain it, add the vitriol-water to the dye, put it in again, and let it remain fifteen minutes, airing as before; cleanse thoroughly in soft water; let it drain dry. There's a good deal of *fussing* about it, but you'll have a good color, if patient enough to observe the whole.

To take blackness, i. e., of ink *out* of linen, rinse the part immediately in cold water, soak in sour milk over night, wash and boil.—*Rural New Yorker.*

DOUGH RAISED BY SPONTANEOUS FERMENTATION.—Dough, as it contains both gluten and sugar, when moistened is capable of fermentation without adding another substance. If simple flour and water be mixed and set aside in a warm place, after the lapse of several hours it will exhibit symptoms of internal chemical action, becoming sour from the formation of lactic acid, while minute bubbles appear, which are owing to a gas set free within the dough. The changes are irregular and uncertain, according to the proportion and condition of the constituents of the flour. They also proceed with greater or less rapidity at the surface or in the interior, accordingly as the parts are exposed to the cooling and oxidating influence of the air. Bread baked from such dough, is sour, heavy and altogether bad. Yet the true vinous fermentation may be spontaneously established in the dough, by taking measures to quicken the action. If a small portion of flour and water be mixed to the consistency of batter (its half fluid state being favorable to rapid chemical change), and the mixture be placed in a jar or pitcher and set in a vessel of water, kept at a temperature from 100 to 110 deg., in the course of five or six hours decomposition will have set in, with a copious production of gas bubbles, which may be seen by the appearance of the batter when stirred. If this mixed and kneaded with a large mass of dough, moulded into loaves and set aside for an hour or two in a warm place, the dough will swell, or 'rise' to a much larger bulk; and when baked will yield a light spongy bread. A little salt is usually added at first, which promotes the fermentation, and hence, bread raised in this manner is called 'salt raised bread.' Milk is often used for mixing the flour, instead of water; the product is then called 'milk-emptyings bread.'—*Yeomans.*

THE GIPSIES.—That the gipsies were allophyllic Hindoos, will be generally conceded, when it becomes known that their language is a dialect of the Sanscrit—the sacred language of the Hindoos, and that they are Ghebers.—*New York Teacher.*

The Riddler.

ASTRONOMICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 11, 2, 3, 6, 22, is a star of the third magnitude in Pegasus.

My 7, 9, 22, 25, 9, 10, 25, is a constellation in the milky way.

My 15, 16, 7, 8, 4, 4, 17, is a beautiful star of the first magnitude in Auriga.

My 12, 14, 16, is a star of the fourth magnitude in the head of Taurus.

My 21, 22, 5, 21, 2, is a beautiful constellation.

My 25, 14, 13, 24, 4, 1, is a star of the 5th magnitude in Aquilinus.

My 11, 12, 25, 5, 2, 14, is a star of the left arm of Hercules.

My 23, 9, 18, 10, 25, is one of the inferior planets.

My 15, 16, 11, 9, 4, 21, 7, 1, 22, 19, 6, 4, 14, 25, is a constellation near the Great Bear.

My 10, 19, 1, 22, 6, is a star in Canis Major.

My 19, 22, 12, 20, 21, is a constellation near the Swan.

My 18, 13, 16, 22, 9, 25, is a star of the first magnitude in the Scorpion.

My 25, 9, 23, 13, 6, 2, is a star of the fourth magnitude in the Crab.

My 7, 4, 9, 5, 1, 19, 8, 25, is a cluster of 7 stars in the head of the Bull.

My 23, 5, 4, 19, 14, 10, 23, is a star in Ursa Minor.

My 4, 10, 7, 24, 25, is a constellation of the Scorpion.

My 1, 2, 5, 4, 16, 11, is a star in the girdle of Orion.

My whole is the name of two small Constellations of the Southern Hemisphere which lie near the Water Serpent. GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 5, 17, 4, 8, is a town in Spain.

My 2, 15, 8, 7, is a river in Italy.

My 8, 4, 16, 11, is a town in Morocco.

My 3, 10, is a river of Italy.

My 9, 4, 1, is a cape of Africa.

My 2, 5, 5, 6, 11, is a lake of Ireland.

My 16, 12, 15, 8, is a river of France.

My 4, 13, 10, 15, 16, 7, is a city of Portugal.

My 15, 12, 14, 9, is a river of Hungary.

My whole was a European Hero. E. M. D.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

As the evening shadows fall,
Casting darkness over all,
As the glimmering starlight sheds,
Faint light over many heads;
Slowly pacing to and fro,
Ever watchful, ever slow,
Listening there, and listening here,
With an all attentive ear,
Marking every spot of ground,
Noting keenly every sound,
Stopping, resting, now and then,
But resuming watch again,
Till at last there comes relief,—
To my *first* 'tis my belief;
Quickly on his mantle throws,
And my *first* to my next goes,
There his hunger to appease,
And his tired limbs to ease,
Till the summons comes again,
For some more relief and then—
Goes he to his place once more,
A friend relieves as said before.
But hark! a cry is heard amain,
'Twas the cry of one in pain,
And then a loud, unearthly yell,—
Came the rueful tale to tell.
From my *whole,* for it was there,
Rose these sounds upon the air.
Which light upon the subject throws
Of midnight murder by savage foes,
Which history mentions, 'tis not vain,
That many have their dozens slain,—
Without regard of sex or age,
When they did in war engage.

CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Transpose my first, and you in part will see
A name's that given in Holy History;
My second oft requires a brother's care;
My third you do with wine, if good and rare;
My fourth will make a printer shiver;
My whole the name of "State and river."

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Dark men.	With ease.
A crime.	Me Sal!
Land is long.	Daniel Wren.
An Eggs.	Are we lad?
I held.	U hat.

Circleville, Ohio. J. H. GROCE.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Wishing to measure a certain tract of land that lay in the form and shape of a right-angled triangle; I began at the eastern, or first corner, and measured the shortest side of it, and found this line due west 288 perches in length. But when I thus came to the southern right angle, I found that I could not measure the next right angled side, on account of briars and a deep *morass* in that line. I therefore struck off to a large pine tree, which stood on the third or hypothenuse line, between the third and first corner, and found this distance across to be 232 perches. I then measured from this pine out to the third, or northern corner, and found that part of the hypothenuse line to be 280 perches. From these datas I wish to know the area of the said right-angled triangle.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ When do we come near "smoking" our best friends? Ans.—When we S-team (esteem) them.

☞ When is the letter a like one of the United States? Ans.—When it is in Diana (Indiana.)

☞ When are the letters s a n and e undoubtedly crazy? Ans.—When they are in-sane.

☞ What island would suit drunkards best? Ans.—Rum Island.

Alleghany Co., Pa.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

PHILOSOPHICAL ENIGMA—Pierre Louis Frederic Sauvage, the Inventor of the Screw Propellor. RIDDLE—Shadow. CHARADE—Ibeit. (I-be-it). ANAGRAMS—Flamboro Head, Oswego, Scutari, Canso, Catskill, Moreton, Rocky, Cattegat, Tar, Lego. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—The stock increases annually one-third, or at the rate of 33⅓ per cent.

☞ Ignorance and conceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead.